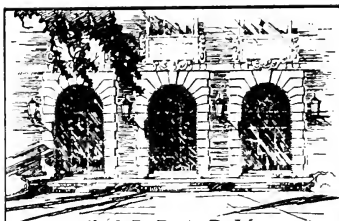


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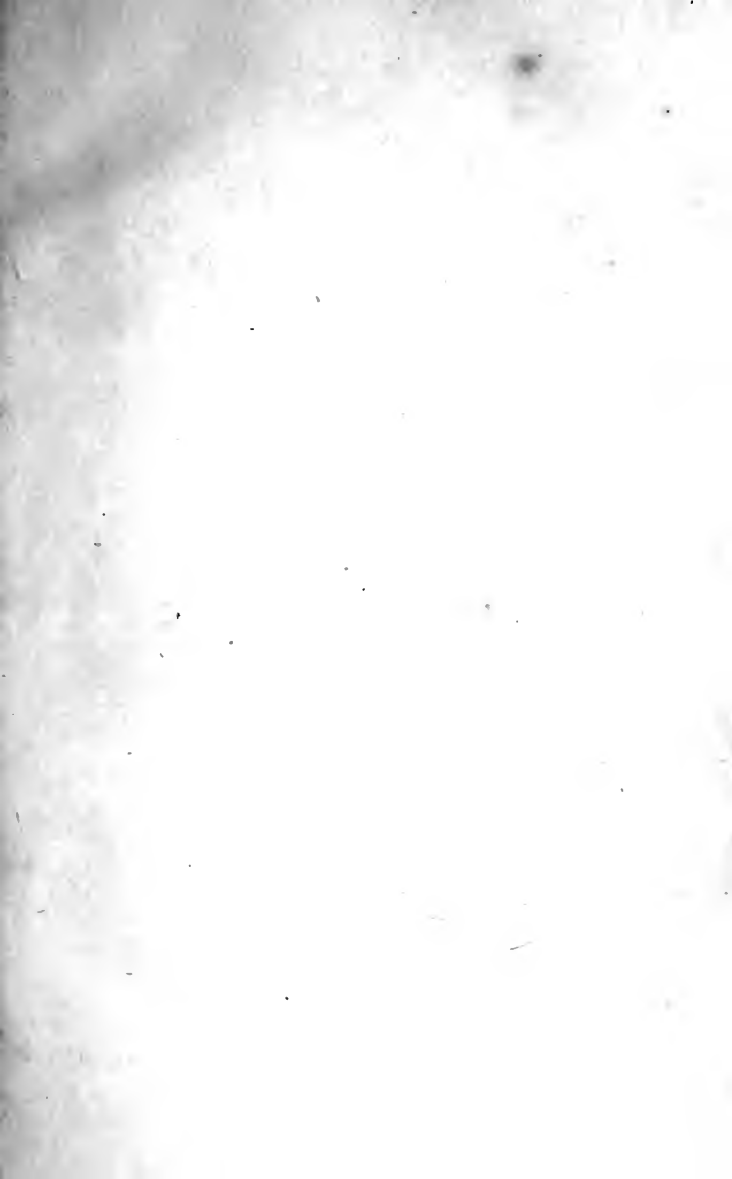


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F L O R E N C E.

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II.

REPORT OF THE

THE

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REPORT OF THE

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THE

FLORENCE:

OR

THE ASPIRANT.

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

II.

LONDON:

WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.

AVE MARIA LANE.

1829.

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FLORENCE.

CHAPTER I.

MR ASHBURN'S mind was now greatly occupied by the thoughts of Mrs and Miss Stanhope. He was one of those few people who, when really interested in an object or a cause, feel a concentrated direction of every faculty to the leading subject. We may suppose that they were remembered in his latest evening prayer, and not forgotten in the first, which ascended to heaven as he opened his eyes on a new day.

His was not the zeal, which says, "Come tomorrow, and I shall see what can be done, at present I am engaged." His full, keen eye, no sooner rested on an object which called forth his

sympathies, than the *how*, the *where*, and the speediest *when*, arrested his steps, and roused his energetic considerations, until he had devised the best mode of relief.

But Mrs Stanhope's was a new case, and accustomed as he was to scan all his actions with the severity of an inquisitor, he began to question the propriety of his caring so much for heretical strangers, especially as they stood in no *actual* need of his succouring and cherishing aid. However, those scruples were soon conquered, by the conviction that he was one of those to whom an especial and paramount delegation was given; and moreover, could he be justified in not seconding to the utmost of his power the evident desire of the young lady for at least being correctly informed?

Next morning, he paid an early visit to Catherine. She was very low; the little spark of animation was gone, and it had been succeeded by a sense of deep and degrading contrast. She took his extended hand, but spoke not. His heart smote him, as he recollected that during the two or three last days his thoughts and anxieties had been directed to the rich and happy; "for after all," thought he, "what are Mrs Stanhope's evils, but mere fantasies of

a refined brain, compared with the solid and incurable griefs of this unfortunate young woman? Poor child," said he, "you must not think that I have been unkind, but —— but what? Yes, Catherine, I think I have been too much taken up with these new friends. It is a fault of mine; but believe me, I have been far from forgetting you, and the first question of the young lady was after your health."

She rallied her feeble spirits, and checking the tears which the allusion to Florence had called forth, she reminded him, that he had been as much with her as usual, and added with a forced smile, "You so seldom give an hour to the happy, that you grudge it."

"Ah, Catherine," said he, "don't tell me that. I often remember the words of Massillon, and tremble. Your state, Catherine, is more safe than mine. I sometimes fear that I am not free from the pride of good works, and that is a sad, sad sin. I often envy your subdued spirit; it is true, you erred, but you were sadly lured. Alas, alas! too many revel in the pride of *untried* virtue. Be not so cast down; recollect the assurances I have given you, upon the depth and sincerity of your repentance. Remember the parable of the lost sheep; remem-

ber the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; remember the pains Christ took to elucidate that, in the affecting story of the Prodigal Son. O! say that you feel satisfied and consoled. Tell me that the deep and dark shadows of desponding fear are dispelled before the many strong assurances I have given you."

"Yes," uttered with a deep sigh, was her answer, and the last word of this poor victim of wanton vice. He still held her hand as he gazed upon her with more than a parent's solicitude. "Yes," he repeated in a solemn tone, "I am glad;—but you are deadly pale!"

"Alas!" said Alice, who had witnessed, though unobserved, this closing scene, "Alas! do you not see that all is over with this poor deluded daughter of sin?"

Mr Ashburn was in great affliction, but it is astonishing how much he was consoled and comforted by that one word, "Yes." Strange! that we should fancy so much depends upon the conviction of a poor finite thing! But so it is; and people seem to forget that they thus elevate a sinning fallible creature into the arbiter of his own fate.

Mr Ashburn's conscience again smote him,

as he recollected that one half of the two last days of his protégée's life were spent with people in health and in a state of comparative bliss. Determined to punish himself, he resolved, in addition to a bread and water diet during the rest of the week, to shut himself up from all society or recreation. But devoted as his mind was to prayer, fasting, and the obsequies of poor Catherine, he was not forgetful of the claims either of such as depended upon him for sustenance, or of politeness; and, in a short note to Mrs Stanhope, he explained the cause of his absence, and prepared her for its being somewhat prolonged.

How he spent the next twenty-four hours, we know not; but Alice never saw him during that space, and she knew that no earthly food passed his lips. Death was no stranger to the house of Mr Ashburn, for many were those whom he brought to it, merely to comfort in their last moments, and to bury when no more. Many a drooping head he raised for a space, and many a gleamless, sunken eye, he illumined with the rays of hope for a few instants previous to the soul's departure; but a case precisely like Catherine's he had never before met with, and it was one calculated to make upon his

honest, humane, and virtuous nature, a deep and painful impression.

The only time at which Mr Ashburn could be said to walk on his own account was, when the shades of night began to deepen, and at no period was this so delightful as during Lent. The labours of a Catholic priest are never light, especially in a country like this, where their numbers are barely proportioned to the duties assigned to them; but in Lent, these labours are to him who conscientiously discharges them, even though borne up by the spirit of faith, hope, and spiritual love, fully equal to the robust health of a man like Mr Ashburn. At no time, therefore, was his solitary evening walk so salutary, bracing and renovating, as after he had listened to tales of contrition, and finished his evening lectures of solemn preparation. It was then that he indulged in throwing off his heavy, and to him deeply responsible cares; it was then that he more peculiarly communed with his own heart, probed all its motives and impulses; and when purified as much as might be from mortal dross, that it seemed by anticipation to be with his God, that he had often unconsciously been observed with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed on the heavenly bodies, with that

impassioned earnestness which seemed to speak the extacy of being joined to his Maker. And yet—there are not wanting those who have sought to *convert* such a man!

In a mood like this, he had wandered forth from his chapel, sometimes walking slowly, and sometimes pausing, to give as it were a full breathing to his soul, when he found himself upon a bridge which was thrown over a deep and still part of the slow dark river which fronts the town of M——. It was a starlight evening of March, and had in it that deadly peacefulness, which creates melancholy in a thinking mind, even when in a state of perfect ease, but falls upon one in misery like a heavy, cumbrous weight. While his sensations insensibly took their tone from the uncommon stillness of the night, the solitude of the place, and the monotonous, heavy roll of the river, he approached a female closely wrapped up in a long crimson mantle, leaning with her arms crossed before her on the parapet, and stooping so low with her head, that it was impossible to see any part of her face. Accustomed to witness misery, and jealous of a female in so lonely and at that hour generally unfrequented place, he moved as slowly and softly as possible. A deep groan

was followed by a sudden motion to leap over, when the good priest arrested the rash purpose. With a look of ghastly horror, she endeavoured to release herself from his grasp, but finding she could not, she uttered the words, "Monster—it is to avoid—"

"Ah!" said he, "I see what you dread, and I daresay I can guess your dismal situation. Fear me not—your father, your mother—would not, could not, guard you more charily than I."

She wrung her hands and exclaimed, "My father and my mother! O! may the day be accursed on which I ceased to be theirs! My father and my mother, my sisters and my brothers, they know me not;" and again she struggled to get free.

"Be comforted, I implore," said he; "you are in distress, and whencesoever it spring, you shall hear from me only the words of eternal peace. Come with me, and you shall be safe."

"No, no," said she, "I cannot be safe with men. Why did you interfere?"

"Poor child!" he replied, "would you to avoid one crime commit another?"

"Beyond all doubt, I have sinned, but I am not abandoned."

"This is neither time nor place," said Mr

Ashburn, "for argument. I am a Catholic priest; it is my duty, it is my business, to comfort the distressed, and to raise up, through divine grace, the broken spirit. Confide in me—rely upon me—I have no earthly avocation but the cure of souls, no earthly claims that can for one moment make me forsake or betray the wretched. Come with me, and if you are penitent for the past, you shall be made fit either for life or for death."

So saying, he pulled her arm so firmly through his own, that all farther thought of escape was unavailing, and they walked on without another word being uttered on either side. He found afterwards that she was the daughter of an upholsterer, who had been in the habit of allowing his daughters to exhibit in his wareroom the lighter and more elegant parts of his goods, such as fringes, tassels and draperies. Her story was one of miserable frequency; but the tricks of a villain had seldom been practised upon so affectionate, so true, and naturally so correct a heart.

Finding herself deceived, she soon applied, by letter, to her father and mother; but they had other daughters, deemed it right and prudent to display what they thought a proud virtue, and resolutely and obstinately shut their doors upon

her, when she was anxious, even at an early period of her dereliction, to return home and live for ever in seclusion. Thus forced to remain with her seducer (whose visits through ambition had been encouraged by these very parents) she did so, until a new face, which was soon met with, drew him from her, and with a few guineas she was left to chalk out her future destiny. Ashamed, deserted, abandoned by all, she saw before her only one course, and only one society into which she could be received. This she resolved, even at the expense of life, to avoid, and it was after persuading herself that God would forgive what seemed in her eyes a much less crime, that she resolved on that act which a true and faithful servant of God prevented.

Many a time had Mr Ashburn listened to her weeping contrition for follies which we fear are but too incident to more fortunate females. "How can I look back," she would say, "on all my vanities, and how can I hope that they should be pardoned? How do I blush to recollect, that I would deck myself out—that I could scarcely be satisfied that my beauty was sufficiently attractive—that my cheeks would be crimsoned with the blushes of love, that my heart

would beat when I expected to see him, until its movements almost terrified me! Alas! and all this for whom? for a deceiver, a betrayer!"

Probably Mr Ashburn, in his hours of seclusion after her death, recalled all this to his mind; again wept, and again wished it were possible to inflict adequate punishment on such atrocity. Whatever his meditations might be, we cannot doubt that earnest prayers were offered for the soul of the departed; which, as we lately heard a Catholic divine say, "If the practice is founded in error, both it and the mistake are safe as well as amiable."

CHAPTER II.

MRS STANHOPE was astonished on looking back, on the last ten days : a revolution had taken place in the mind of Florence ; and some new ideas had been generated in her own. She had felt her affections forcibly drawn towards an elegant and interesting old man ; had been repulsed, she knew not why ; and had without her own consent formed a friendship and confidential intimacy with one, from whose external appearance and blunt manners she would have revolted, but for the adventitious circumstances which counteracted them.

“ Strange ! ” said she to Florence, “ how little mastery we have over events : whether it be chance, or Providence, as Mr Ashburn will have it, I know not, but we seem to be mere tools. Let me think—how much of this could I have prevented ? Miss Edgworth has pronounced man

in a great degree the creator of his own lot, and hers is high authority. Do you recollect the cold-hearted woman, who, when speaking of a ruined but virtuous man, said, 'No one ever was unfortunate in worldly concerns without having himself to blame.' Perhaps Miss Edgeworth was her oracle; and where is the earthly oracle, who may be looked up to as a standard on every point of speculative opinion? What must be the consequence of the adoption of such an axiom? That our hearts, our purses, and our doors must be locked against every unfortunate man and woman, or that relief and reproach will always be inseparable? Every beggar would be spurned from our door, or if relieved, insulted by reproof. Your uncle would say, that all originated in my going to the Catholic chapel. True. But was that step, be its results what they may, wrong? Was it wrong, that for once in your life I should have wished you to see the interior of that church, which extended itself over all the world, and which we cannot deny, brought religion into this very country? Is it then so dangerous to extend our observations? Surely not. Protestantism stands on no such slippery ground, that we must not turn to the right or to the left, lest we fall."

Mrs Stanhope was interrupted in this train of reflection by a thundering knock, and to her amazement, half a dozen morning visitors were ushered in. These turned out to be persons for whom her sister had brought cards of introduction, and every forenoon, during the next ten days, was occupied in the same manner. Mrs Stanhope did not feel herself called upon to do the honours of the house under such circumstances; and wishing to avoid general society, she left the field for her sister, whose element was in presiding and showing off, and who very probably led her visitors to suppose that the house was her own; for such was the perversity of her nature, that she seemed to be always considering in what manner she could render the reverse of reality serviceable to her. Be that as it may, and whether as a principal or second is uncertain, but Mrs Stanhope found herself included in several invitations, to all of which she gave a steady refusal. But one lady, a Mrs Seaton, would not be beaten off; she wrote, re-wrote, called and re-called, and at last, to be freed from importunity, Mrs Stanhope consented to dine with her in the following week.

Sunday intervened, and Mrs Stanhope thought

it wise to offer no further opposition to Florence's wish, of again hearing Mr D'Alembert, feeling confident, that her daughter's sound sense would teach her, after the excitation of novelty was worn off, to spurn at, and revolt from, those sickening mummeries; to put aside which, and to root up for ever the more gross and demoralizing iniquities of Popery, the magnanimous and illustrious Elizabeth had consented even to become a tyrant. "Yes," said she, after reading aloud a few select passages from the best Protestant authors, "you may depend upon it, that nothing but the most dreadful enormities could have resolved two countries, such as England and Scotland, to put forth all their strength in order to pull down and set aside for ever the very system which had cradled and nursed them."

"I am not sure of that," said Florence; "whence came the *knowledge* which gave this simultaneous movement?" Mrs Stanhope was silent. "Tell me, my dear mother, whence it came?" Mrs Stanhope was still silent.—"I have been thinking of it ever since Mr Ashburn was here, and I am perfectly satisfied, that if the people at that time had knowledge, they had it from the Catholics; and, if so, why put down

their instructors? If they were ignorant, what is the other conclusion? That the mob, the great mass, were led by a few; and if that was the case, pray how did these few leaders differ from the Pope?"

"You are quite wrong, Florence; you forget that the Gospel was preached from every pulpit."

"Then how does it happen that the Gospel, from a far greater number of pulpits, has *now* so little effect."

"Because people are grown more wicked."

"But *why*, with all the glorious advantages that I hear of, *are* they grown more wicked?"

"Owing to the progress of—of—of—"

"My dear mother," said Florence, "let us leave the matter for the present where it was a fortnight since, and trust the whole to chance;—yes, in spite of our excellent Mr Ashburn, I must say, to chance."

The chances, Mrs Stanhope hoped, might be in her own favour, and yet, had any one asked her what it was that she feared, and what it was that she wished to cherish, she could have given scarcely a better answer than she did to the question of her daughter, of how it was that *now*, when pulpits are multiplied at least ten-fold,

we have so little religion, and so much vice, that it walks even in our solitary places like a mighty giant?

Mrs Stanhope was a wise, a virtuous, and in many respects an enlightened woman; but as to the vitality (if vitality consists in what has been fought for) of Popery and of Protestantism, she knew very little more than an infant. She had heard that Popery was a many-headed monster; a thing that was prolific only of ignorance, arrogance and vice; and of its rival, that it was a meek-eyed maid, who brought in her train all the graces and all the virtues. But she had never asked where all those graces and virtues were? Although the attention of Florence had been arrested on her first day's attendance at Mr D'Alembert's, in proportion to the grasping powers of her mind, still she had not been free from that tremor, which strangers, and especially young persons, are liable to on joining in a worship which is new. There is something altogether peculiar in this to sacred temples, and which is a proof of the stronghold that, even without our consent, and in some cases with a dubious approbation, all religious sentiments and observances take upon the mind. When we enter a theatre or any other place of amusement,

our attention is sent forth merely in quest of gratification and novelty, with scarcely a reference to ourselves, after certifying by a glance at our compeers, whether of the first, second, or third class, that we are in a befitting costume. We then yield ourselves up to the pleasure or instruction of the moment. Without having exactly understood her own feelings, she described them to her mother, who told her that she well remembered being under the influence of similar ones, and that they proceeded from the awe excited by entering any place of worship in which to us there is mystery; but, said she, "I hope, that when you listen and observe with more composure, you will see and hear much to condemn."

"My dear mother, you hope! Are you assured from your own knowledge, that there is much to condemn?"

Mrs Stanhope blushed, looked rather foolish, and then replied, "Surely that which *all* say, must have at least some truth in it; and if any of the imputed enormities, such as selling indulgences to sin, be really founded in truth, may we not bless those who rescued us from such deceptions, and seek now to preserve ourselves from them?"

“And who are the *all* that say so? Enemies of the Catholic church, which, Mr Ashburn says, are few in proportion. And what if ninety-nine in a hundred of those speak from report also? Ah, my dear mother, recollect your own situation, and that thirty-nine out of forty of those very persons to whom you were known, and before whom your actions lay as a fair and spotless garment, took upon them to believe what was asserted, not only without proof, but without a shadow of foundation.”

Mrs Stanhope made no reply, and they walked forth; the one determined to subdue all that agitation which tends to distract attention; and the other, rather like one that follows a guide, than a person whose feet are willing to the path.

Whether Mr D'Alembert was unequal in his discourses, or whether the expectations of Florence had been too exalted, we cannot tell, but she came out from chapel inert and disappointed. Mrs Stanhope watched every turn of her countenance, and was delighted with the visible absence of interest. “The novelty is worn off,” thought she; “the tumult of admiration is past.” But the mind of Florence was only inert for the time, and in that state which

generally succeeds to high excitement. Mrs Stanhope was surprised on seeing her withdraw a missal from her reticule, and on enquiring how she came by it, was told, that she had borrowed it of the lady who sat next her, and was to return it in the afternoon. She turned over its leaves with eagerness, and presently pointed with an air of triumph to the first passage in it.

“Now,” said she, “you see that the dipping and crossing are not idle mummery. You observe that the one is emblematical of internal purity, as the other is always a token of our faith in the grand sacrifice. May I ask why either the one or the other should be objected to? And I feel a conviction at this moment, that every other apparent absurdity could be explained as satisfactorily.”

Wishing to avoid the vicinity of the Campians, Mrs Stanhope had gone to a seat below stairs, but being rather far back in the morning, Florence begged that they might go early in the afternoon, for the chance of having a more commodious place. Always prompt and decided, she took the lead, and her mother trembled as she found herself separated from the rails of the altar only by a narrow passage. It is true, she had often approached to an Episcopalian altar,

but the same sensations had never before been in the slightest degree excited. Here was a strong repugnance, grounded on that to which it is possible she would have appended the word *principle*; but which in her was mere *prejudice*; for it is evident that she had never examined a single dogma, and had never enquired into one conventional, systematic principle. Let us here pause and ask, if such was *her* ignorance, what is the ignorance of the great herd of *mentally* uneducated ladies? and what is the ignorance, in *England*, of the great herd of utterly uneducated peasants, and working-people of all descriptions? Repugnance then took the lead in her feelings, but that repugnance had slept quietly, and would have slept on, in a mind like hers, but for the propensity and consequent enquiries of her daughter. As it now was, the recollection of the morning service roused up, and gave strength to this dislike. She bent down her head, that she might not look upon the stage, as she was inclined to call it, of the acting she had seen; but the incense still rose up before her eyes; the bell still sounded in her ears; and her heart was irresistibly quailed, as she recollected the low solemn murmur from the priest, at, or about the

same period of the service. All that succeeded seemed to be a mysterious but awful dream, and her first recollection of a satisfactory, pleasing, and undoubting sort, was of the finale, when Mr D'Alembert chaunted, in a clear, deep, solemn voice, guided by a most perfect taste, the prayer for the king. She now raised her head and opened her eyes, after this involuntary retrospect, but they met the recumbent head of a dying Saviour, and shuddering, she resolved to look up no more until the priest should enter. Perhaps it occurred to her naturally just mind, that only a fortnight ago she had looked on the very same representation with admiring complacency.

Mr D'Alembert soon entered, and after the preliminary music, he read a prayer by Gother, of which there is one adapted to the peculiar Gospel or festival of each Sunday in the year; and it may be necessary for the benefit of Protestants to say, that they are *not* in Latin. It also seems necessary to inform the ignorant, and what is worse, the *prejudiced*, that all petitions are expressly put *through* Jesus Christ, and that no religious people ever did or ever can exist, whose trust in him, is more implicit than that of Catholics, notwithstanding the thousand calumnies

afoat and credited of saints and martyrs being put by them, in Christ's stead. We shall give an example in the first prayer that turns up to us, from the festival of a saint. It is that of St Bridget. The commencement is merely an intimation of the day, and of the Saint's merits, when a prayer *to God*, of four pages, succeeds, in which the said St Bridget is merely mentioned as a pattern, whose example they pray, that they may be enabled to follow with praise and thanksgiving to God, for endowing her with so divine a love for God and the Saviour. The whole concluding in these words:—"Have mercy on us, O blessed God, and help us. And hear the prayers of St Bridget (our holy mother) soliciting for us. O Lord God, who by thy only Son didst reveal to St Bridget heavenly mysteries, grant, that, by her pious intercession, we thy servants may joyfully find the comforts of thy everlasting glory revealed in us. Through the same Jesus Christ, thy Son."

For St Teresa:—"Hear us, O God, our salvation; that as we rejoice in the festival of thy Holy Virgin St Teresa, so our souls may be nourished with her heavenly doctrine, and improved by the fervour of her piety. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son."

For Saints Simon and Jude:—After a sublime and urgent supplication for aid in the pastoral duties, it concludes thus,—“Grant, that by our spiritual improvement we may celebrate their everlasting glory, and still improve in the celebration of it, through our Lord, Jesus Christ.” We extract a passage from the body of the prayer: “Grant, that like the good shepherd, we may give our lives for the sheep, not entangling ourselves with the affairs of this life, but employing our whole lives for the good of our flock, and being ever ready to part with our ease, our quiet, and all human comforts, for the attendance to their necessities.”

We can attest that good Catholic priests act on the above principles.

An impressive and instructive prayer being ended, Mr D'Alembert stood in readiness for the boys and girls to muster in two divisions round the rails of the altar. He then read, half aloud, a number of apologies for absentees. “How is this?” said he. “One absent because her mother is sick: could she do so well as come to chapel and pray for her? Another is visiting a relation—strange! is there no day but the sabbath? However, we shall enquire into those things—let us not be uncharitable—there may

be good reasons, but we must be sure, that there are. Here is one absent, because he is keeping his birth-day ! This also must be enquired into, not that we can possibly find a good reason for such conduct, but that it may meet with the reproof it deserves. Aye," said he, as he folded up the paper, "there are several cases here which demand an especial investigation. We look to parents for their aid in this important—this *all-important* concern ; but if, instead of aiding, they hinder and enfeeble our efforts, what may we expect, and what may they expect?"

He then proceeded to catechise them, when it might be seen whether the young members of the Romish church, or as they themselves say, Catholic church, are left to grope in spiritual darkness, and whether the Bible is to them a sealed book. Mrs Stanhope blushed with shame as she heard the children interrogated with the earnest zeal of an authoritative parent, and afterwards exhorted upon the passage of scripture which came in course for being committed to memory before next Sunday. It was the eleven first verses of the seventh chapter of St Matthew's Gospel ; but what he fixed upon

as the immediate subject of exhortation, was the first verse :—

“ ‘Judge not that ye be not judged.’ My dear children,” said he, after a short pause, as if to collect his thoughts, “considering many things which you have heard from this very place, it may seem, that there is a contradiction between this short and most important text, and my former exhortations. It may appear strange, after having been told that reason, under the chastising, correcting, and ameliorating power of divine grace, is to be your guide, that yet, you shall not exercise that reason. ‘Not judge,’ you may exclaim, ‘how then are we to know good from evil in our fellows?’ Yes, at a transient glance of the subject, this may possibly be the momentary remark of some here, but after a little reflection, I believe the youngest of you would blush to say that such is your comprehension of the text. I am sure that, even without my explanation, you have an intuitive, that is, a natural sense of your own, which informs you of what is actually meant. How disgraceful then is it to live in a perpetual violation of that divine maxim ! I have expounded to you, almost verse by verse, the foregoing part of this su-

blime sermon. I flatter myself that your young hearts yet glow with the recollection of what was said on the promised blessings, and that at least some of your souls have panted for the pure spiritual state, in which, and in which only, they can be realised, when those souls shall have cast off the wretched clogs of humanity.

“ I also pointed out the respect in which Christ held the *law* and the *prophets*, which is not only a warrant for the importance which we give to good works, but for the high reverence in which we hold saints. I also pointed out, in as strong language as I am master of—and O! if the soul’s yearnings could give the power of speech, mine should not be weak,—the turpitude, the blasphemy, and the dreadful daringness of taking God’s name in vain. Next, the sweet grace of forgiveness occupied our attention, until I could fancy that each young eye beamed love and kindness on all around. Then we expatiated upon the duty of alms-giving, and the unobtrusive modesty with which favours should be conferred, and the honest gratitude with which they should be received. Next prayer was the subject; and from the deep reverence with which young and old listened, I do hope, that your petitions to the Great

Creator have been more frequent, more confiding, fervent, and solicitous than before. The odious crime of hypocrisy, I scarcely touched upon, for in youth it rarely finds a place; and I shall yet minister in vain, if my labours hitherto have left my elder auditors with even a chance of feeling a tendency to anything so little accordant with the convictions and feelings of those who have been carefully instructed in the beauty of truth. Other vices may have passion and temptation to plead in extenuation, but in this sin there is the trouble of being wicked, without, as far as I can see, a source or a motive. But there are those to whom the maxim may well be addressed, and it may be with advantage, even such as the Pharisees,—I mean those who are swollen and bloated with the pride of a sect, and strangers to the spirit of the New Testament.

It was with very different feelings that I expatiated upon the sublime and universal doctrine of an unbounded trust in the Divine care. But, alas! the impressions made on the youthful mind are evanescent as those made on the yet unwrought wax, and as they cannot be of lasting duration there, so they are inadmissible on those whose hearts have har-

dened into adamant. But, as I pointed out to you all, and most especially to you, my young friends, there is no such sure road to ease and mental repose, towards which all your cares and anxieties are directed, as the implicit trust recommended in the Divine words, ‘Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin.’ Ah! think on these words, which carry in them such pure and innocent ideas; and think on the maxims which I endeavoured to enforce upon them, whenever you feel the carking cares of life knitting your brows, souring your tempers, and poisoning the enjoyments yet in your power. But I must not dilate on a subject which, I confess, carries me to the verge of enthusiasm; for so entirely confiding am I in the universal Parent, that when I enter upon that sublime topic, I feel as if my soul were too large for its corporeal frame; and as if it would fain expand its wings, and find eternal refuge in that care, which we seem to think too limited for a wretched span of life. I must not recapitulate farther, but proceed as briefly as I can to impress upon your minds, if it be possible, the dreadful, the interminable effects, as to this life at least, of *mis-judging*. Do you know the two great and leading causes of this

demoniacal propensity? My adult hearers, I dare say, confess the first; but if they are aware of, they would be ashamed to acknowledge the second. The first, you all know, proceeds from the key which your own evil passions give you to those of others. I do confess, it is no wonder that, borne down as you are with the weight of original sin, and admonished every moment, as you must be, of its active influence over you, of its perpetual impulsion to evil, and, in short, of that deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the heart, which we must all acknowledge, that there should be a stumbling-block to fair judging. Is it wonderful, that with even an imperfect knowledge of yourselves, you should suspect others? Yet one would think that it is only of a heathen we should so speak, and not of him who has had the word of God opened up to him from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse—of him who, from the age of five years to that of sixteen, is catechised on every point of divine and moral conduct, and who still go on to lay open their hearts to, and to be admonished by, those who have no earthly cares, and no other claims upon them, than your eternal weal. Is it, I would ask, for such to use this key, this carnal key,

to any hearts but their own? No; it is for you to be so occupied with the care of your own hearts, that you shall have no time for suspicion of any other, and then we might see that genuine humility which, I learn, some of you can scarcely comprehend. But the second cause of the avidity with which some seize upon every opportunity of misjudging, is more extrinsic, and far less excusable;—I mean the base inclination of seeking in the faults of others an extenuation of our own. You cannot plead for this, as in the other case, the law of self-defence—you cannot say, ‘If I am inclined to steal, lie, or calumniate, so may my neighbour, and therefore I must judge, and judge sharply, from appearances.’ I wish it were possible for me to open up your hearts to your view—to turn them, as it were, inside out. You would be ashamed at the sight of the black, rotten core which would be presented; and I do believe that you would be ashamed to find that it is for the contemptible salvo to your own wretched souls, of thinking others as bad as yourselves, that you are so prone to put the worst judgment on every look, word, and action of your fellow Christians. Alas! how unlike Christians! or rather, is it not a profanation of the name, and

an insult to him who gave it, when coupled with anything even so foolish, as the weakness of hunting out defects in others for the purpose of appeasing the reproaches of our own consciences? O! if I could place before you the black list of evils which spring from erroneous judging, and in consequence, of light and malignant talking! We cast up our eyes in shuddering horror, when we hear of Italian assassinations; but who would not rather find a grave, than drag out existence with a wounded, murdered reputation?"

On retiring, Mrs Stanhope leant heavily on the arm of her daughter, but spoke not. Florence guessed that her mind was impressed by the last words of Mr D'Alembert, and she could scarcely help smiling, as she remembered the words of Satan: "Skin for skin; all that a man hath will he give for his life." She had not yet numbered many days, but she had observed accurately, perhaps ironically, and it had not escaped her, that a man has wonderful forbearance with the injustice, passion, and malignity of others, so long as they are not pointed at himself. He reasons accurately and with provoking coolness to the sufferers; weighs as if in a balance the mutual provocations; and

if he is a man who aims at a high character for candour and pacification, he inclines the scale in favour of the absent; and thus irritating self-love and self-complacency, never fails to leave the breach wider than he found it. But let the person whom he has just been labouring to excuse only point a finger, give a scowl or half sneer at himself, and the words of Satan are more than justified. The present case was the reverse of what she had observed, but it held equally good. Mr D'Alembert had touched the vibrating chord of Mrs Stanhope's heart, and she returned convinced that at least he was a wise and a good man.

What! A Catholic wise and good? Impossible! For if he is wise, he cannot believe his own tenets; and if he preach them without believing, he cannot be good! But, at all events, she had seen and she had heard what proved the entire falsity of the assertion, that to the Catholics the Word of God is a dead letter. She had, during three days' attendance, heard the Scriptures appealed to as a book with which the preacher evidently conceived his auditors to be thoroughly acquainted. She had heard him, on that very day, catechise the young persons under his care on the most essential points of

Christian doctrine, viz. Faith and Hope; and on the previous Sunday, she had heard Mr Ashburn catechise them upon and largely open up to them, the subject of original sin.

"Florence," said she, "I am certain you are right, and that great injustice is done to Roman Catholics in many essential points; yet it is impossible to withhold a smile at their preposterous superfluities, and the phylacterics of their garments."

"My dear mother," replied Florence, "since you find that you have been mistaken in actual essentials, may you not find, as I have said before, that those apparent superfluities may be satisfactorily explained? But even if they cannot, are such things a sufficient apology for the hatred, for even curses, which I have heard my uncle pour upon them?"

"*Only* by your uncle, and his violence is proverbial."

"Yet it is to his violence, that in this case you would bend your reason."

"No, not actually bend it, but I would avoid any gross or remarkable violation of his prejudices. Consider that he is your nearest relation, your natural guardian, and a man on whom you have well-grounded expectations."

“Have I not enough, mother; or rather, have not we enough?”

“Yes; but why should you throw obstacles in the way of moving in the first circles, as heiress-apparent to such a fortune, and under the protection of a man whose naval rank and character give him importance, even if he had no fortune, for you know he stands first on the list to be made an admiral?”

“Mother, it is full time that you should understand me. Do I not know the injuries which that uncle has inflicted upon you? Do I not know that he professes to hold your character doubtful, and that wherever you go, he has a reporter of all your actions? And that the most innocent, as all your's are, and the most indifferent, as you study to make them all, are continually misrepresented to him, and wilfully misconstrued by him? And have you not robbed your character of a great part of its individuality, in order that you might pass by unnoticed? And do you really suppose, that for the sake of moving in a foolish, giddy circle, I shall court the enemy of my mother? I would not do so, if you had no other claim upon me than that of giving me birth and mere animal care. But to a mother who has bestowed, not

that care which the wife of a churl confers, but that which the most exalted intellect can administer, I hold myself so devoted, that I will not pay any court, be guilty of any subservience, to the man who is every hour insulting her, and that in the most essential point."

"But, Florence, if I am willing, for your aggrandisement, to forgive it all, to place it all to the account of *misjudging* in those who first knew me,—of the operation of that upon a violent prejudiced man,—and those unhappy circumstances followed up by the most unfortunate jealousy and death of Clara,—why should you resent it?"

"Just because, on my account, you would forgive it. Do I not know your sensitive temperament? Do I not know that you value nothing—no, not your child—so much as your fair fame? And yet, for the sake of rank, for the sake of moving somewhat prominently in the fashionable mob, you would have that child sanction the atrocities of her uncle! Yes, *sanction*; for whoever seems to cherish and approve of him or her, who has aspersed another, says in plain terms, 'I deem that other guilty of all ascribed to her.' No; I am now a judge. I have hitherto treated my uncle as a child

does one to whom it has been taught to look up ; but since I know your history thoroughly, he shall have no other treatment from me than that of the most ordinary civility."

"Is it right, Florence, to make such a use of my confidence?"

"Was it right, my dear mother, to bestow that confidence?"

"Yes; because you often saw me alarmed, you even saw a servant dismissed for insolence, and heard her boast, that a stranger had told at a chandler's shop that I was a woman of doubtful character. It was, therefore, incumbent upon me to clear away from your mind suspicions, which will arise in any mind and against any character, however cautious the one and candid the other. But do not make a bad use of that confidence by ruining your brilliant prospects, and by giving your uncle fresh cause, or rather the first and only real cause, against me."

"Mother, I shall do nothing which a reasonable creature ought to be offended with; that I owe to you and to myself; but I will never, by my courtesy to him, countenance his treatment of you. And, with your leave, without it I will do nothing of that sort, my first step of in-

dependence shall be, to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the Popish tenets, and with the relation in which that church stands to ours and to others."

"Florence, answer me one question: If our all depended on your uncle, would you brave him thus?"

"I should then leave the question entirely with you, because your comforts would be involved, and with them I have no right to tamper."

"But suppose I were dying, or in such delicate health as indicated an early termination to my existence, and that our income expired with me, what would you do?"

"I cannot tell. No person, who is not precisely tried, can tell. We are, and I am, as I have heard you say, secure in seven hundred pounds a year; what more can we want? That sum insures every comfort and many luxuries in life, with a seventh part for charitable purposes. But your partiality to me makes you think that I am qualified to adorn—I know it, my dear mother—to adorn high life. Should I find more virtue in high life?"

"No, certainly not."

“Should I find more talent?”

“You would have it in your power to bring more talent within your sphere.”

“Well, that is all that I shall regret; but I will not put even talent in competition with my mother’s respectability. Mother, I am a young observer, but you have sometimes thought me a little acute: I have always seen, that the more a tyrant is yielded to, the more voracious he is for power. You have yielded too much to my uncle. I know it was for my sake; but that is at an end. I am satisfied with our fortune; I know you are; and he shall never have it in his power to *tolerate* you, because you are the mother of his presumptive heiress, to whom you would be appended in society, instead of my being appended to you! Do not suppose me a mad enthusiast, but listen quietly to the history of my feelings. My uncle has visited us occasionally; I feared him, I trembled at his look; but I believe that in the horrible execrations of what he called Irish atrocities, I find my first leanings towards Popery; for while I listened to his fearful stories of outrages and murders, I always suspected that there must be some exciting cause for what was done from *apparently* no motive but the mere love of

crime. When I saw the accounts of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Owenson, and some others, of Irish character, my heart bounded, with perhaps a little feeling of self-complacency, that I had as it were intuitively done it justice. But still, with respect to Catholics, *as such*, I imagined them sunk in ignorance; that their priests were frightful, forbidding, gloomy wretches, whose very business was to lock up the minds of their flocks from any, the least knowledge; and that when they did duty on Sundays, it was altogether in a dead language. I declare, I was never so much surprised in my life, as when I heard Mr D'Alembert address his people in English. My opinion is not a single one; you will find thousands who imagine the same thing; and if that is the case, as I know it is, how unjust must we be in matters which are naturally more shut up. My first sensation, on hearing Mr D'Alembert, was unmixed amazement; my next, admiration; then a deep sense of the injustice which is so universally done to Catholics; and finally, a determination to know the truth. I will not deny, that some emotions of a deeper kind were raised in my breast, as I listened to the deep tones of Mr D'Alembert, when he chaunted his heavenly

strain before the altar, or when he delivered his admonitions at the same place, or from the pulpit. Now, my dear mother, do you consent, or are you resolved to let me hang in suspense between two opinions, and to disappoint the excellent Mr Ashburn?"

"Florence, you know how unwilling I always am to disappoint you, and till now, you have justified my indulgence; but really this first rebellion is one of such magnitude, that I must beg of you to consider well what you are about. You deny the charge of enthusiasm, and I do believe that your mind is too much enlarged for you to fancy that this or that particular creed,—I mean as belonging to either of the Christian churches,—is essential to salvation; for if so, what are we to think of the mercy of God? Yet I shall candidly confess, that until this day fortnight, I did imagine, that the Catholics shut up the word of God in such a manner, as to keep their people ignorant of its essential doctrines and even moral maxims. Indeed, how is it possible we can think otherwise, when we hear of subscriptions for *converting* the Irish Catholics, not because they are poor, naked, and destitute to such a degree as to prevent the possibility of their being instructed, but, *because they are*

Catholics. Still I have no doubt that the Bible is sedulously and carefully kept in the hands of the priests, and that all the references which Mr D'Alembert made, were to passages which he had himself read to them; and that they are never trusted with the perusal of a book, which only contains the true words of the living God. Now, my dear Florence, as you will not pretend to say that your salvation depends on this or that Christian creed, you cannot offer any important reason for an investigation of the Catholic dogmas; and why sacrifice so much to mere curiosity?"

"In the first place, mother, I deny that there is any sacrifice in the case, because I never will pay court nor shew any deference to a man who has treated you, and is still treating you, in such a manner as only the most base character could justify. A man who keeps a person in pay to report your every movement—a man who, though he may not say to those reporters that he thinks ill of you, yet lays you open to all the conjectures of his mercenaries, and, in consequence, you have been hunted from place to place, because you could not bear the suspicion which his folly created! In short, he has made a Caleb Williams of you, and to that man

I will never crouch. But, mother, if religion is essential to salvation, would it be right in me to turn aside from the first call, and ——”

“For heaven’s sake, Florence, not so methodistic! I cannot bear the arrogating conceit of those who sit down charmed and elated that an exclusive *call* is given to them.”

“I do not know how I stumbled on the word, for I despise cant; but after all, is it not an appropriate term? I declare, I never felt a religious emotion before. It was just as you said in our first conversation on the subject,—apathy in one place, and disgust in another. Here, cold and chilling; there, fierce, vulgar, or whining, with none of those solemn concomitants, which, if there is truth in the Old Testament, God himself held essential to his honour; at least, he seemed to deem it fit that his creatures should consider such an external homage due. Now if I felt a warmer emotion in the Catholic chapel than I ever experienced before, was it not a *call* upon my attention?—was it not a *call* upon me to rouse my enquiring faculties? and is it not justice to the church which first made me *feel* that I had a soul, to enquire, whether it is justly or unjustly charged with gross enormities? and whether, as I have heard my uncle say a thou-

sand times, that all its members in Ireland ought to be extirpated? But, mother," said she, laughing, "I have heard that some very great and celebrated men were superstitious; that Johnson calculated upon the good or bad luck of his right or left foot making the first movement after he got out of bed; that Byron shuddered at making a false step on the day of his marriage, and talked gravely on the propriety of using his unfortunate mother's ring as a wedding one; and, more absurd still, that Rousseau made a lottery of stones, and said, 'If this hit the mark,'—a spot upon a tree, I believe,—'my soul shall be saved!' Now, after such examples, a silly girl may be allowed to indulge in a feeling of the same sort. Let us leave the whole to chance; neither seeking nor avoiding any conferences which may tend to elucidate the points in question. But once for all, place my uncle out of the calculation, because, if in anything I consider him, I become a party with him against your character."

CHAPTER III.

NEXT day was that appointed for visiting Mrs Seaton, and perhaps we should not think it necessary to record the event, if a trifling circumstance did not tend to prove, what has been remarked a thousand times, that when the mind is bent upon a particular subject, it finds food in all that occurs; as Hervey has been said to spiritualize even on a green gooseberry. So upon this occasion, Miss Stanhope thought fit to find in one word uttered by an idiot, "a chance" in favour of the investigation nearest her heart.

Mrs Stanhope found, as she had been promised, a small party, but its "selectness" depended entirely upon the standard chosen by those concerned.

During the pause which is so fearful to emergents in society—the interval between walking *into* a drawing-room before dinner,

and walking *out* of it,—Mrs Stanhope had full time to examine the persons assembled for the purpose of being more happy abroad than at home. One individual attracted her particular notice; and directing her daughter's attention to the same object, she said, "Tell me, Florence, whether that face indicates a great deal of talent, or the absence of all talent? In my opinion it may do either. That absent, abstracted look, may belong either to idiocy, or to deep thought, that clear, full, dark eye, may owe its effulgence to mere animal structure; and the heavy, clouded brow, may be the effect of an indefinable anxiety, which often accompanies inanity. So difficult is it to draw the line in physiognomy."

"I suspect not, if we understand the art well; but *there* is a look which may set all your doubts at rest—for remember her face owes much of its lustre to those redundant, shining locks. See how she regards her own dress. She has for some minutes been considering her appearance, probably after examining the rest of the company; and now observe the ruefulness with which she surveys her blue satin drapery, her very short sleeves, and scantily covered bust. Poor thing! I am sure she is not dressed according to the

dictates of her own feeble reason, which there, at least, would probably judge better; but she wants the wisdom or the cunning to conceal an anxiety about external appearance, which no one here is without. I think she is what may be termed a sagacious idiot."

"A sagacious idiot—surely, Florence," said Mrs Stanhope, laughing, "that sounds very like nonsense."

"No; I remember, when we were at Leeds—" just then the hostess, in making the round of her company, ostensibly by way of letting them all taste of her graciousness, but in reality to beguile the time, which to her terrified imagination seemed drawn out to an unending duration, approached Mrs Stanhope, and at the same instant the lady in blue moved a little nearer. She waited till the lady of the house walked on, keeping all the time her eye fixed on Mrs Stanhope, with something of that timid vigilance which may be observed in a hare, or any other of the lower animals that are peculiarly defenceless. Now resolved, now irresolute, she made at last, as if by a great effort, one decisive advance, and placed herself next to Mrs Stanhope. She rubbed her fingers up and down for a few seconds on her knee,

keeping her eyes in the same direction, and at last ventured a side glance at her fair neighbour. Mrs Stanhope waited for some time, curious perhaps to see how she would extricate herself; but feeling for her distress, which was rendered evident by the increased red of her cheeks and the various motions of her hands, she said, "I don't know whether we are relieved or embarrassed by the change in fashion, which has almost put an end to introductions. I think there was something pleasant in an easy host, or hostess, naming to each other those who were to spend half a day together, especially ——" Mrs Stanhope stopped, for she was just about to add, "where there is no announcing footman."

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the reply.

"Your standard is too high," whispered Florence, who sat on the other side of her mother. Mrs Stanhope felt more puzzled than perhaps she would have done (certainly more distressed) than if a Dr Johnson had placed himself by her. Indeed, to the truly intellectual and generous, few things are more mortifying than the necessity of coming down to a par with unidea'd people, because a generous and wise mind revolts from any implication of superiority over another.

Hence it is, that we never see a wise man make a sport or jest of inferior intellect, and never see him appear to condescend. Mrs Stanhope remained silent, hoping that her new acquaintance would explain herself in her own way; and in the mean time she had leisure to observe the extreme beauty of the young lady's hair, and that it was kept in the nicest order, and arranged with a much better taste than could have been expected from one whose dissatisfied look with her dress argued dependance upon the will of another. Mrs Stanhope had read much of "golden locks," but she had never before seen any that could be called such, both as to precise colour and gloss; and yielding to impulse, she almost unconsciously drew her fingers through a cluster of curls that fell from the side of a splendid comb, after it had formed the tresses into an ample coronet. The young lady started, sighed deeply, and in a little time Mrs Stanhope could see tears drop upon her lap. Naturally of the most tender and sympathetic disposition, she was almost ready to weep in turn, for having thus wounded the feelings of the young woman, but before she could conjure up some remark foreign to what seemed the cause of her emotion, her companion had given herself up to an

immoderate, but under, fit of laughter. Florence joined her instinctively, but Mrs Stanhope, always rather timid, felt a little afraid.

“Did ye ever see the like o’ that?” said their new friend.

“The like of what?”

“Look, she pretends she’s very easy just now, but she’s in an awfu’ pickle.”

“Who?”

“She’s looking at the door—My sang, she’ll gie Sally her grey, for being sae late wie the denner—I ken by the red spat on her cheek. See, she wants Mr Gibson to think she disna care!”

Mrs Stanhope now perceived that the lady of the house was the object of this unconscious satirist’s ridicule, and the picture was so comic, that she could not refuse her tribute of risibility. Dinner was just then announced, when the joyful alacrity with which Mrs Seaton moved to the door, verified the truth of the young lady’s remarks. Mrs Seaton had been too much agonized about the appearance of dinner, both as to time and arrangement, as well as to the satisfaction it might ultimately give, to pay any attention to precedence, a neglect which we devoutly wish might always be attended to, since

it rarely happens that some one is not offended by selection. However, after she had got time to breathe, and had satisfied her eager, anxious eyes, that all was right, with the exception of two corner dishes not being properly angled, she bethought her that Mrs Stanhope (to whom the lady in blue still closely adhered) was not in her proper place, and she begged that Mr Somebody would exchange seats with Miss Somebody, whereby Mrs Stanhope might be on Mrs Seaton's right hand. Mrs Stanhope might well have answered, as a sheriff depute once did to his substitute, who made a similar apology, "Wherever I sit, sir, in this court, is the right hand;" but she more properly begged that Mrs Seaton would on no account deprive any one of the honour which she so kindly wished to confer on her; and the good lady seemed now to be left to the dispensation of her various viands; but her first hunger-appeasing query was cut short by an abrupt demand of, why her dear niece was not as usual beside her uncle, adding, "You know, my dear Jessy, you always support the doctor. Do, Mr Gibson, order matters so, that my niece may get next her uncle."

“I’m tired o’ sitten next my uncle,” replied Miss Jessy.

“You mean, my dear, that you are anxious for the honour of sitting beside Mrs Stanhope, which I don’t wonder at; but you know your uncle cannot do without you.”

Miss Jessy made no reply, and Mrs Seaton being forced to bestow her attentions elsewhere, Miss Jessy was left for a space in the enjoyment of Mrs Stanhope’s smiles and attentions. In a little time, Mrs Seaton hoped the Doctor had given his niece something she could eat. To which Miss Jessy replied for him, “My uncle didna help me, but this is dreadfu’ stuff.”

“Dreadful stuff! My dear, surely you are joking,” said her aunt.

Mrs Stanhope, still anxious to find something to which her companion would or could reply, asked how long it was since she left Scotland; but Miss Jessy’s ear seemed impervious to any sound that was directly addressed to it.

“Well, doctor,” said Mr Smith, “have you heard of this warfare between the Catholics and the Protestants—the Jews and the Gentiles? A gentleman came here last week from Ireland, to represent the state of the poor benighted Catholics

in that country, and at the meeting, in narrating some instances of the shocking impositions practised on them by their priests, told a story of a convocation—I forget if that’s the term—but it was a meeting held for the purpose of praying souls out of purgatory. It was of course by candle-light, and presently the priest exclaimed, ‘See the effect of our prayers,—behold the released souls!’ and he pointed to several small black bodies, which first moving slowly along for about a minute, suddenly disappeared. A lady, suspecting some trick, contrived to seize one of these manumitted souls, and pushing it into her muff, she carried it home, not without a sensation of loathing and disgust. She was all impatient for the investigation, and hastily calling for a light, found that the body, whatever it might be composed of, was covered with black velvet, and had four legs or arms, by which it was enabled to crawl. But what was her surprise, on cutting up the envelop, to find therein a goodly stout crab! When the Irish Protestant had finished his ugly story, a voice from amongst the crowd below, exclaimed, ‘A lie, a lie!’ Immediately there was a cry of ‘Turn him out;’ when the person came boldly forward, and challenged the narrator to prove

what he had said. The other replied, that 'he took him at a disadvantage; he was many miles distant from the scene of action, and he could not compel witnesses to come so far, even if they could afford it.' 'Your committee,' said the other, 'will defray all expences on so important a mission, else it ill deserves the name of a reforming and converting body. It was not so that the Catholics whom you malign spared their blood; for it was upon their own health, their strength, and their lives, that they depended, when, for the cause of what they deemed truth, they visited every quarter of the globe. They were not bolstered up by bible and missionary societies—they were not supported by lords and ladies—they were not cheered and comforted in the solitary wastes by matrimonial society; but, vowed to poverty and celibacy, with no approving and filliping aid but the approbation of their own hearts, and perchance, from their mortified and self-examining habits, robbed even of that—and yet, what did they achieve? The conversion of the world. I am no Catholic: I am not ashamed to say, that I belong to no class, which most of those assembled here would honour with the name of Christian: I hold all alike in the eye of a mer-

ciful God; but yet——’ Hisses, and ‘Out, out with the infidel!’ now resounded from the platform, and every corner of the chapel——”

“I wish,” said Dr Seaton, “you would mind your dinner and wine rather than these old wives’ stories, unless indeed it’s an old wife that makes puddings and pies—Come, man, here is my lady’s remove—delicious! Why, Liliass, you have outdone yourself in this partridge pie! Let the devils burn one another as they list—swallow your sherry, and gust your palate with something better than a velvet crab.”

Mr Smith swallowed his wine, and received a plate of partridge pie; but preferring news, and especially polemical news, to everything else, he merely pretended to eat, and so resumed—“The cries of—‘Out, out with the infidel!’ resounded from all quarters, but the infidel clinging to a gas pillar, declared that he had as good a right to be heard as the self-accredited calumniator on the platform. ‘I am accredited,’ said he, ‘by the universal law of truth, which never did and never can sanction one set of people tearing out the moral vitals of another. The Catholics have been guilty of many enormities—but what does that tell? That they were human. It was not in their religious creed as

it really stands, but in the abuse of that creed, just as Protestants have abused the Scriptures, to the sanction of a thousand enormities. The man who wrote, 'There is no salvation out of the true church,'—which is in fact Scripture,—*never* wrote, 'Murder those who are not of us.' It was a corrupt, proud, passionate human heart, which taking advantage of the supposed necessity for coercion, that invented tortures and lighted the faggot. That time is gone by—religious fervor, in *that shape*, is exhausted, or ashamed; and the disgrace now lies with those who, ungrateful to the men who gave them bibles and christianity, are not ashamed, first to live on their spoils, and next to asperse them in their absence.' It would seem that surprise constrained attention, but old Proudfoot, the Scotch dissenter of Chatbrough chapel, pale with wrath, and merely able to articulate, extended his arms to the people, and said, 'Do you, fellow christians, permit this thing? Do you allow a professed Deist or Atheist,—I know not which, for he talks of universal truth, and as he disavows Popery, which aims at universality of another kind, he must be a spawn of modern philosophy—I say, do you sit, or stand, and see a man thus brave the only true faith—

thus plead for the Babylonian harlot? Let us rise to a man, and put down this unholy thing clothed in scarlet, dipped in the blood of the saints. The multitude cannot act, but I appeal to my brethren, to you, and to you — such of you as are willing to preach down this many-headed monster, raise your hands.”

“Well,” said Dr Seaton, “this beats cock-fighting—Why, my good lady Liliās, don’t you put in your caveat against this neglect of the sweat of your brow?”

Mrs Stanhope instinctively shuddered.

“I say, lady Liliās, why don’t you make a protest against this scandalous revolt against thy culinary sway? Woman, the partridge is cold on Mr Smith’s platter; the paste, which you rolled out with such care, is tossed about in broken fragments, and I am persuaded he is unconscious of the flavour of your sauce.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the assailed narrator; and hastily swallowing a few morsels, handed his plate to the servant.

“I hope,” said the Doctor, “more respect will be paid, my dear, to your flummeries and your blanchmanger.”

“Yes,” said Mr Smith eagerly, “they take

less cutting and carving—Well, sir, the minister ——”

“Heavens,” said the Doctor, “are you at it again? This is horrible! Swallow your pudding, man.”

“It is excellent—very good—you make the best pudding of any one in all this populous town—Well, sir, the minister of White-street chapel, and the minister of Portcullis chapel ——”

“Nay,” said the Doctor, “for God’s sake, lump them—don’t you see my lady is in despair for her desert? You know not the catering she had for it, and the demurs with the economy of her conscience.”

Mrs Stanhope looked at Georgina, who seemed heartily ashamed of having brought her sister into such society.

“Well,” resumed the persevering Mr Smith, “six dissenting clergyman held up their hands; Mr Proudfoot looked sternly at the seventh, who declared that he would, on no account whatever, lift up his voice against the Catholics.”

“Dreadfu’,” said Miss Jessie, in a deep emphatic tone, “that’s dreadfu’.”

“And why is it dreadfu’, my sapient niece?”

said the Doctor; but, as usual, no reply was given. "Upon my word," continued he, "I believe, since the memory of religious persecutions, there never was so severe a philippic uttered against it as in that one emphatic word. Good God! to what a pitch are we arrived, when even an —— but I must not criticise. Well, Mr Smith, I begin to get interested. But first fill a bumper. I know who it was; there is just one liberal man amongst them—here's to the health of Mr Simpson—and, poor fellow, he has scarcely one penny to rub upon another, and has reason to be glad of the very pence that would be collected on such an occasion."

"I am astonished," said Mrs Seaton, "how you, doctor, that's a public man, and a half-pay too, can possibly be so disloyal."

Florence could no longer keep silence, and addressing Mrs Seaton, said, with great modesty, "How is it disloyal?"

"I'm joust thinking," said Miss Jessy, "has it onything to do wie the king?"

"I like my niece's ejaculations and questions," said the Doctor, "the former always whet curiosity, and the latter never fail to produce elucidation; thus extremes meet, for the exclamations and queries of a Solomon could do

no more. I have been comparing those two heads for the last half hour, and notwithstanding their dissimilarity, the same question issues from both; but my niece's, as might be expected, is more broad and flat than Miss Stanhope's. And now, as forming a variety from both your heads I shall put the same question; and pray, lady Lilius, tell us what is there disloyal in my toast?"

"I really cannot tell, doctor; but I know you are often vexed next day at your toasts."

"So, like all your sex—I beg your pardon, Mrs Stanhope, and eke your daughter's—but, like most—very nearly all, of your sex, you take everything for granted—and believe as you are desired. Now, I'll tell you, Miss Stanhope, what my wife means to be at—but she should confine herself to pickles, preserves, and pastry—she means, honest woman, that every country must be governed by a certain species of delusion; and as universal truth runs counter to this absurd idea, she thinks that the king, who is a very good man in his way, but who must wish the old trade to go on,—just like Mr Proudfoot,—would reckon the sway of universal truth inimical to his. But, my dear good wife, be comforted. It is the nature of man to hug delu-

sions, and truth never was, and never can be, universal. But, Mr Smith, how is the matter settled between the Catholics and Protestants?"

"Mr Proudfoot and five others agreed to preach them down."

"Excellent! bravo! Come, another toast: I give the addle brains of six men, who dream that they can pick upon the well-constructed ancient structure of Popery,—that it will by degrees moulder away, is sure; but—however, the joke is admirable—it is not for the splinters from the main rock to shake its base—no, it is only the deep rolling ocean of time that will do what the poor idiots dream of—so here's to the six addle heads of M——."

"But," said Mr Smith, "this intention is already set aside. The fag-end of the meeting was reserved for considering the claims of a converted Jew, upon the Christian church for baptism; and here the splinters, as you call them, flew off from each other like the hostile ends of a loadstone. One was not satisfied with his notions upon 'free grace;' another did not think him clear upon 'election;' a third thought him confused upon 'the atonement;' a fourth demanded that he should explain himself upon 'effectual calling;' a fifth required the

same thing upon ‘sanctification;’ a sixth whispered something to the rest,—what it was, nobody knew, but it was guessed that he thought it imprudent to spin the thread very fine, as the poor man might thereby fear to pass over what some think scarcely more tenable than the bridge of Mahomet. A speech was then made by Mr Proudfoot, in which he declared, that brother Isaac required only a better knowledge of our language to give entire satisfaction, for what had appeared defects in his faith, were mere defects in his idiom. All seemed now to be plain-sailing, but Isaac was called upon to declare of what church he meant to become a member. Upon which he extended his arms, and said, ‘I love you all.’

“‘That is perfectly christian and perfectly proper; but it is needful that you should make an election,’ said Mr Proudfoot.

“‘I not quite consieve you,’ replied Isaac; ‘I did think that I was the elect myself.’

“‘Perfectly correct,’ said a young man who had hoped to join him to his community—‘perfectly correct; but there is what we call consistency in those matters—a—a sort of propriety. We of the Scotch church cannot think of your becoming a member of the English church, for

it is a mere limb of that abomination which we have concurred to pray God to put down—it is impure, and therefore, as it is not meet that you should join yourself to it, we of the other principal establishment think it more—more—we mean no disrespect to our baptist friends and relief friends, and burgher friends—but there is something more ostensible in us, being direct from the great Calvin.’

“Here a violent dispute took place, which ended in the other dissenters declaring that they would not preach in conjunction with the Presbyterians; and the Jew, seeing that they could not agree amongst themselves, said, that ‘he would consider more better, and hold some more communion with his own hearts and spirits, and look into two or three more churches, before he would give them any more trouble.’”

Mrs Seaton, afraid of some fresh remark which might subject her husband to censure, withdrew the moment that Mr Smith finished his history of the Jew.

The lady in blue having grown more confident, did not wait for an advance from Mrs Stanhope, but putting her arm through her’s, might be said to cling to her, nor did she quit her hold, until she found herself fairly seated

upon the same sofa with her. Beginning her usual motion with her right hand, she said, "It's four years since I came up. But I wonder ye kenned, for I was yen o' Mr Knight's scholars, and they a' speak grand English. I was a great favourite, for I was aye sae quiet."

Mrs Stanhope now began to guess that the way to learn anything of Miss Jessy, was to let her alone. Just at that moment, Mrs Seaton came up, and asked her niece to make coffee; but the only return she got was a broad stare. The request was repeated, and was followed by, if possible, a still more stolid look, with a glance at her own dress which might indicate that it was too fine for such an office. Farther appeal seemed needless, and Mrs Seaton walked off, evidently disappointed that she could not get her niece's place.

"I'll be very sorry," said she; "I never made coffee, nor onything else, to please onybody but my ain mother, and I'll never make it again in this world."

"It pleased your mother?" said Mrs Stanhope, immediately guessing that perhaps the imbecility of this child had rendered her a favourite. Jessy replied with what, we believe, is peculiar to the Scotch, but which cannot be written—an

affirmative, that comes no farther than the root of the tongue, and is generally given by children and weak people when their feelings are affected. She repeated it, and at the same time wiped her eyes. "Poor thing," thought Mrs Stanhope, "I envy you! I would have been an idiot joyfully for the love of my mother."

She would not disturb her pious emotions, and waited patiently until she should again say something of her own accord; and presently she added, "I'm no feared for her now—she'll never clip my hair again, for I'm rich noo."

"Thank God," said Mrs Stanhope, eagerly.

Miss Jessy started, and looking in her face with great earnestness, said, "I am sorry."

"For what?" said Mrs Stanhope. But, as usual, no answer was given; and Miss Jessy walked away with a disappointed air, mingled with something which as nearly approached to dignity as was compatible with her moral and physical composition.

Nobody, who has not a heart precisely like Mrs Stanhope's, can comprehend her feelings at this moment. "What have I done or said?" thought she, "to offend that innocent creature, whose whole of intellectual and animal love

seems centred in a parent that probably adored her."

Mrs Seaton, who had been upon the watch, and had observed all that went on, almost sprung forward, in order to occupy the vacant seat; but exactly in proportion as her guest had become interested in the niece, she felt cold towards the aunt, and listened to her affectation of bland and fashionable politeness with a disgust which, occupied as her mind was, she took no pains to conceal; and almost with the same eagerness which Miss Jessy had evinced before dinner, she seized the very first opportunity, and one soon offered, of being again by the side of this half automaton. But her looks were averted, and the motion of her right hand was resumed with a heavy steadiness which betokened a determined silence. Perhaps Mrs Stanhope may be deemed as great an idiot as Miss Jessy, when we state, that she gazed upon her in breathless anxiety—Again she examined her hair; she was sure that, some way or other, some tender recollections were connected with it and her mother, of whose death she also made herself certain. A deep sigh, at last, from Miss Jessy, gave her a hope that some elucidation might follow; but no—all was silent

and gloomy. "What a fool I am," thought Mrs Stanhope; "what are this girl's feelings or her displeasure to me? a person who actually either cannot or will not give an answer to a single question. But a remark rather than a question may produce the effect."

Her hair seemed to be the talisman; and Mrs Stanhope, again touching it, said, "Yours is the only beautiful yellow hair I ever saw."

"So I've heard," was the laconic reply. And then, after a long pause, she said, "I think I must be in a mistake, ye canna be like the rest."

It now flashed upon Mrs Stanhope, that her exclamation of joy, on hearing she was rich, had occasioned the disgust which had been so strongly manifested; and she immediately said, "I fear you imagine that I respect and love riches; I expressed happiness at what you said, merely because I should have regretted had you been dependent on any one." She raised her eyes, and, however deficient she might be in the language of the tongue, Mrs Stanhope was perfectly relieved by the answer of delight and satisfaction which she read in them.

CHAPTER IV.

HAD Miss Fortescue not been ashamed of the society she had taken her sister into, she would probably have asked her how she liked the rude, unqualified veracity of Miss Jessie M'Fie? As it was, she contented herself with merely turning her into ridicule, as well as others of the party. Mrs Stanhope was inclined to say, that having tasted of their hospitality, and evidently occasioned much trouble in the effort made to entertain them, it was unfair and ungrateful to speak of them afterwards as objects of utter contempt; but she was tired of being wise, especially as no radical cure was the result, and she allowed her sister to be very amusing on "the philosophic doctor, his worldly wife, the idiot niece, and that most detestable bore, who talked of religion." But Florence "pondered all these things in her heart," and, like everybody else, dwelt on the subject most to her own taste.

“I am very glad,” said she, “that we went.”

“Yes,” said her aunt, “I see you have a taste for ridicule.”

“I am sorry you think so; I flatter myself I have some little taste for the elucidation of character; but I have no inclination to ridicule any one.”

“Then why are you glad that you went? for I am sure there was no food there for anything but ridicule.” Having said this, and fearing what she expressed at all times, an unqualified horror of ‘some wise remarks,’ she took leave, in order to dress for morning calls.

“I need not,” said Florence, “tell you, that in the poor idiot I could have found food for a whole day, not because she is defective in understanding, but on account of the nice shades which are perceptible in her mind. I remarked several instances in which a quick sensibility was obvious, and others in which it was plain that there was no want of penetration. I am certain she was drawn towards you by the expression in your face of innate kindness, not lying upon its surface, as we remarked in that Scotch lady, whose philanthropy is really revolting,—but to be traced in the most delicate lines of your countenance. It was equally evi-

dent in her irrepressible mirth at the ill-concealed misery of her aunt; and I am more convinced than ever, that the partition is indeed thin between wisdom and stupidity, between nice sensibility and utter obtuseness. And perhaps a being of another sphere would smile at the mental imbecility of our first-rate philosophers, as we do at poor Miss Jessy's. But what I value the acquaintance for, is the strong and unqualified proof she afforded of the impression which is made on the unthinking, and even idiotic public against Popery. Here was a creature, with scarcely any other than merely instinctive feelings,—with an utter incapacity for reasoning, whose mind seems to be made up of disjointed fragments,—and yet, in the most emphatic manner, she raised her voice in favour of all the persecution that can now (I suppose) be carried into effect. It was no negative feeling—it was not a wish that merely no good might be done to them, but a wish that all the harm within the reach of six Christian clergymen should be extended towards them. I hope, my dear mother, you will reckon this one of the *chances* in my favour."

Mrs Stanhope was about to reply, probably to allege that this was doing violence to the

term and stipulation, but she was prevented by the appearance of Miss Jessie herself, who approached with a half-bashful, half-exulting look. Mrs Stanhope hastened to set her entirely at ease by a cordial welcome, and the innocent creature returned the greeting with, "I thought ye wad like to see me. But wasn't it clever in me to find ye out? My aunt will have sic looking for me." This notion diverted her so much, that bending her head almost into her lap, she laughed immoderately. But all her emotions were short-lived, and becoming suddenly grave, she said, "I found out that you leddy's ye'er sister, for she's no at a' like ye, and then I slipped down her card, and off I cam. My aunt will be awfe mad, but she'll no clip my hair noo."

"I think," said Mrs Stanhope, "I have twice heard you allude to that circumstance; may I ask if it is a mere phrase, or does it relate to something that happened?" But Miss Jessie had already exceeded her usual loquacity, and while Mrs Stanhope remained silent in the hope of hearing the history, if there was any attached to her beautiful hair, Mr Ashburn was announced.

He was grave, solemn, and absent. Mrs Stanhope, accustomed to change in those with whom she had associated, from private influence used over them, looked with dread on the estranged countenance (as she fancied) of Mr Ashburn. He soon observed the anxiety which pervaded her features, and looking earnestly in her face, said, "I hope nothing has occurred since we met to give you uneasiness."—She replied with alacrity in the negative. "It seemed to me," said he, "that your countenance betokened an accession of care."

"Yes, I dare say it did, and I hope my explanation will not be displeasing. I imagined you looked changed, and you know what reason I have for jealousy."

"Never be jealous of me for one moment; if any one say aught to your prejudice, so as to shake my esteem, I shall come and tell you, or if unable to walk, write upon the subject. There are few things, (nothing short, I think, of mortal sins), more base, unmanly, and unchristian, than to conceal and hoard up, as if to feast malignity, suspicion or anger, or cause of offence against our neighbour. If anybody use prejudicial influence with me, in the ordi-

nary intercourse of life, applicable to myself as an individual, I communicate the same immediately, and let the person defend himself. No; my mind has not recovered its tone since the death of Catherine. I do not pretend to any romance or sentimentality, and I can stand all the ordinary shocks of life like other people, but my moral system is outraged by a death like this; insomuch, that her murderer is not only at large, not only altogether unpunished, but is, in fact, an idolized, a courted, a rewarded man! And how is such a murder aggravated? It is not the poison or the steel, nor even the heart broken by poverty, or any fair, honourable adversity; but here is first affection won—virtue ruined—and then the poor, tender, disappointed heart, torn to atoms! But we must not speak of it—a few days, and the dark shades will pass away.

“Where did you worship on Sunday? I do not say ‘hear sermon,’ for we hold that subordinate, important as we must of necessity deem instruction. We may or we may not preach; but we hold it altogether essential to offer up the incense of adoration, supplication, and dependence to the Creator and Preserver of All.”

“We went to hear Mr D’Alembert; and I must say that I was deeply touched by some things he said, which indeed bore so strongly on my own unhappy case, that it was impossible I could fail to be so.”

“I have often remarked,” said he, “that it is the felicity of a really good preacher to make every one feel that it is his or her particular case that he has peculiarly touched upon. You must meet him in my house—unless you are resolved otherwise; and if Miss Florence still aspire to knowing the truth, I have no doubt that Mr D’Alembert will forward her views, and comply with my wish, in having it thoroughly and unequivocally laid before her.” He paused—no reply was made. Mrs Stanhope’s prejudices were somewhat shaken by Mr D’Alembert’s last discourse, but what weighed more, was her esteem for the earnest and simple piety of Mr Ashburn, when it was obvious, that such was the perpetual habit of his mind, and the interest that he obviously took in her and Florence, and which she felt sure was entirely abstracted from all professional motive. Florence, on her part, decided as she generally was, saw the propriety of leaving her mother to act for herself in this

momentous affair ; or, to speak more correctly, she felt,—for in such cases we often can hardly be said to think,—that for her to speak would savour of forwardness. As if consent had been given, Mr Ashburn went on with, “ Then the only difficulty is for me to find an evening on which both may be disengaged. Let me see—Yes, Wednesday. On that evening I hope you and my young friend will take tea with me, when I shall introduce you to a man whom it is a glory and an honour to be acquainted with.”

As soon as he retired, Miss Jessy said, “ A phrase—I ken what that means, for I learned French wi’ Mr Dupont. I was a great favourite, for I was aye sae quiet—it’s no a phrase.”

Mrs Stanhope leant eagerly forward in hopes to hear the history of Miss Jessy’s hair, but her mind never dwelt for more than a few minutes on any one subject ; and looking up with a totally different expression, she said, “ Two hundred years since, a woman spaed, that there wad always be a daft man in our family—I’m whiles feared it’s me.”

“ You are not a man,” said Mrs Stanhope.

“That’s very true,” replied Miss Jessy; “I’ll no vex mysel ony mair about it. I doubt it’s my uncle.” And as if such a communication and its consequent consolation had been the objects of her visit, she withdrew.

CHAPTER V.

WE do not know how to introduce to our readers a Jesuit, whose exterior does not distinguish him from all other men. We are aware that there should be in every man of that order so much deep-rooted and accomplished villany, that even all his consummate art cannot conceal it. Indeed, the Protestant, whether real or nominal, who feels in himself any tendency to doubt of a spiritual world, has merely to turn his attention to the accounts given by anti-Catholics of this fearful body, to be perfectly assured, that it is only through super-human agency that they can either be supplied with, or supported in, those arts which have made princes quake upon their thrones, and shaken empires to their very centre. But strange as it may seem, Mr D'Alembert's appearance was not remarkable for anything, excepting that it presented a person of very nice symmetry, and

a countenance which betokened a mind that never entertained—that is, fostered—an oblique thought. His eyes were not even black, nor were they peculiarly penetrating, nor did they often seek the ground as if to conceal his thoughts, but were of good Saxon blue, and as the modern phrase is, “well opened up.” The rest of his features were well formed without having in them any one peculiarity; but a keen observer like Florence, might fancy, that a subdued pride, or an attempt at subduing it, was the leading expression of his face. It cannot be denied, that both Mrs and Miss Stanhope felt it an event to meet, and to be likely to hold conversation with, a Jesuit; and the former was obliged to reason down a strong inclination to tremor. Mr Ashburn, when at home, was always evidently under the influence of domestic cares, and it would seem that he was never entirely divested of considerable anxiety lest his viands should not be of the best kind, or sufficiently abundant. Alice, on the other hand, formed perhaps on the spirit of contradiction, had always the appearance of one who wishes to withhold, even when fresh from severe reprehension. — But the attention of both ladies was bestowed, with very little division,

on Mr D'Alembert. He returned Mr Ashburn's introduction with a cold, distant bow, which chilled and frightened Mrs Stanhope, and made her daughter doubt if he was actually the same person whose whole soul seemed poured out in the cause of human salvation.

The conversation during tea was desultory, but after the things were removed, and wine put upon the table, rather to be sipped than drank, Mr D'Alembert asked Mr Ashburn if he had seen the last accounts from Baltimore? The other replied in the negative, when the Jesuit drew a little pamphlet from his pocket and read a report of a remarkable miracle having been performed at that place.

In the course of reading, he happened to raise his eyes to Mrs Stanhope's face, and saw there, a very unequivocal smile. He took no notice; but if his manners could receive any accession of frigidity, that quality was instantly imparted to them. Mr Ashburn immediately saw that something was wrong, and felt that indefinable uneasiness which destroys every power of being agreeable. Florence, who studied her kind friend Mr Ashburn as he did his earthly idol Mr D'Alembert, was speedily affected in the same way, and both she and her mother re-

joiced, when at eight o'clock their hackney-coach was announced.

"His earthly idol!" did we say? In a Catholic story, we must beware of every rash phrase. For heaven's sake, most kind reader, do not for one moment suppose that Mr Ashburn was in the habit of kneeling at the feet of Mr D'Alembert, and of offering up supplications to him. If there is aught wrong in the phrase, we borrowed it of a man so orthodox, that if perchance he see a volume of any modern theological philosopher, he turns from it with almost shut eyes. "Every man," said he, "has his earthly god; mine is S——," he might have added, and with far less disparity, "as Johnson was Boswell's." Alas! we remember the day when the said worshipper of S—— was our own idol, but we have discovered to be true, what a highlander once said to a friend of ours, "There's less odds among men than ye wad think."

"Now," said Florence, as they drove away, "you see how little a preconcerted measure has done for us. How much more sprung from our unintentional visit to Mr Ashburn. I don't understand this Mr D'Alembert; he was certainly prejudiced."

“If so, he is not worth regarding.”

“And would you say, that because some one, perhaps old Campian, has prejudiced him, that his opinions, or rather his account of his faith and church, must be worthless?”

“Is he not the man who preached vehemently, only three days since, against erroneous judging?”

“Mother, it is common humanity. Where is the man who can lay all his passions and prejudices aside, and judge with entire and perfect candour? In his list of reasons, he forgot a generous one, the judgment warped by friendship, and jealousy excited by care for a friend. Old Campian did not conceal his dislike or distrust of us, and I have no doubt he has communicated the same, with his reasons, to his pastor. Nay, in confessing he might do so.”

“And would you advocate the cause of that religion which enjoins so dangerous a practice?”

“My dear mother, I speak in ignorance. Alas! how many causes of misjudging might Mr D'Alembert have enumerated: he took only the most flagrant; but the very air we breathe is filled with them. Perhaps we too are judging erroneously. Let us suspend our opinions till we see Mr Ashburn.”

On the morrow that gentleman made his appearance at an early hour, and, after a passing glance at Florence, he said to her mother, "I have been in haste to visit you, for indeed my spirit has been troubled, and I will not deny that my anger has been stirred up. But say, have I a right to be angry with you?"

"If the right consists in the place you have in my esteem and friendship, it is full and ample."

"Well, then, I have my warrant, and I am very angry. Why did you presume to smile when Mr D'Alembert read the account of a miracle performed at Baltimore?"

"I am indeed shocked and grieved if that was the cause of his displeasure; but, my dear sir, it seemed strange that a man of his sense should believe in miracles."

"Believe in miracles! Then why not say at once that you deny Scripture? and I should find that Florence has an—— I will not say it—I cannot look upon you and believe it."

"I beg your pardon, Mr Ashburn; you certainly cannot think that I doubt the miracles recorded in Scripture."

"If you believe in Scripture miracles, why not in those of the present day?"—He grasped

her arm and fixed his eyes on her face. "Nay, why not in those of the present day? Tell me that."

"Because the time of miracles is past."

"Who told you so? and what is your authority for the bare supposition?"

Mrs Stanhope looked greatly at a loss, and he seemed to enjoy the non-plus he had placed her in; nor was he in any haste to follow up his argument, but gave her full time to consider.

At last he said, "No, you can give no authority.

That *you* cannot, could give no triumph to me;

or, to speak like a Christian, bring no conviction

to my mind, for I can easily suppose that you are

not deeply read in Scripture. To be an elegant,

well-informed woman, and to be a thorough

Scripture reader, are two as distinct things, as to

be a thorough Bible reader and a well-disposed,

humble believer. Religion, with you, is a

matter of mere taste. You admire the touch-

ing story of Joseph and his brethren; you are

almost as enthusiastic upon the sublime beauties

of Job, as you are upon those of Homer; and

you have wept over the Prodigal Son. Your

family were Episcopalian Protestants, and so are

you. Some of that is well, so far as it goes; for

the rest, you are perhaps not yet answerable.—

But does it become—I know you a woman of sense, and you will excuse me—does it become one so ignorant to hold up the hand in horror of the parent church? Now, I say it could be no victory to me if I contended for mere argument, that *you* can adduce no proof, no Scripture proof, that the days of miracles are past; but can your first, your best-informed theologians, give me that proof? No such thing. There is no limit set in Scripture to the period of miracles. Christ is altogether *definite* on the other side. The commission was given to go and preach, and power granted to perform such miracles as were needful for the purpose of conversion. Pray, did the difficulty of obtaining belief end with the first apostles? Was the mere knowledge of the word of God held in the hands—we shall say, in a written scroll—sufficient to convince barbarians? That itself must have been a miracle! Where is the man who can point out a single passage in the New Testament, which has a breathing in it of a termination to miracles? Why should there? Because, say they, belief is satisfied. If it is satisfied, is it permanent? If it is permanent, is it universally extended?—Alas, even in its comparatively narrow bounds, do we not every day see the

miserable, the lamentable defalcation? a falling-off which requires a perpetual renewal of those things which stir up faith? But no, these holy renewings of the spirit are set aside. And what is the use made by the infidel of this supposed end of miracles? Are you aware of it?"

"No."

"It is this:—they say that miracles, or rather the impositions called such, were believed only among unenlightened people, and at a period when even the well-informed were comparatively ignorant from deficiency in scientific knowledge, and that novelty gave an avidity to credence. But, say they, behold now, if any one, not under the influence of fanatical enthusiasm, would believe that he had just witnessed an actual deviation from the *now* well-known laws of nature! This is one of the very worst effects of Protestantism: it broke down the partition wall, as far as it extended, between the poor weak aimings of reason, and those eternally veiled mysteries which must ever belong to the spiritual world. Anxious to root up Catholicity, the Protestants boldly declared that Peter had no power to perpetuate his apostolic gifts, and that no miracle had ever been performed since his days. Ah! says the pride of philosophy, if

Catholics have imposed upon the world, no doubt so did also their founders. But at any rate, my dear madam, when a man like Mr D'Alembert read, or spoke, it became you to be respectful. And I am the more surprised, because in truth your manners have in general rather a sadness in them, at least nothing that borders on levity. I am indeed to blame. Everything human is liable to error. Mr D'Alembert is human, and therefore is not perfect. He has struggled much to subdue them, but feelings arising from pride and contempt have still a sway over him. He is all pity, all compassion, for the young and the unavoidably ignorant; but he cannot comprehend how those who read the Bible, as you all profess to do, and boast of doing, can shut your eyes on the truth, even after he makes ample allowance for the artful *mis-translations* of the pretended reformers. His comprehensive, strong mind, cannot pity, because it cannot comprehend, the adoption of error in those who sit down with even your corrupted translations in your hands. To him the path is so plain, that he will not (I apprehend, rather than cannot) see the difficulties to another who, however enlightened in other respects, still wants true Bible knowledge, and has been care-

fully nursed in the lap of strong, bitter prejudice. Indeed, I may say in one word, your eyes are filletted. But he has a worse fault, and one with which Catholics are never charged, and least of all his order ; that is, a backwardness to making converts. I think this grows out of his contempt for the understandings of those who do not see the plain and obvious truths of our church ; which he considers as so palpable, that nothing but a rooted, and sinful, and cherished obstinacy can be blind to them. This, I have often with tears told him, is a deadly sin. I should have put you on your guard, so as to prevent anything approaching to disrespect."

"But are you sure," said Florence, "that my mother did smile?"

"I have Mr D'Alembert's word, and his eye is rarely deceived. He saw more, I suspect, than the smile."

"Certainly," said Mrs Stanhope, "he was not mistaken; and I will confess there was perhaps something of his own contempt; but the information was to me so new, and it seemed so astonishing that a sensible man should believe it, that I confess I had many strange thoughts upon the occasion, and it was one only that kept me silent."

“ I am a good deal surprised, mother,” said Florence, “ that you should have considered the statement as new. Have you forgotten what happened in Edinburgh ? Don’t you recollect that a lady took us to hear a Bible or Missionary Society sermon, and that the gentleman who preached, a Dr — from London, joined us ? ”

“ Yes, I remember that.”

“ And can you have forgotten what passed ? He took a letter from his pocket, and said, ‘ I shall read you the pleasing accounts from Otaheite, which I alluded to in the pulpit ; but as there are scorers everywhere, I omitted a passage which is very striking.’ He looked round the room, and said, ‘ I suppose all here are of the faithful.’—The lady looked at us significantly, but by this time his eyes were intent upon the letter, and he read, that an Otaheitian woman was in the throes of death, and there seemed no possibility of relief, the poor attendants on such occasions having exhausted all their skill ; but that a missionary minister hearing of her distress, entered the house, prayed fervently, and her danger immediately passed away.”

“ I paid very little attention,” said Mrs Stanhope, “ to what was either said or read, for I had

been shocked by the extravagance of his sermon, and by many things which seemed to me to be a presumptuous narrowing of God's mercy, or rather of his power to extend his mercy except on certain terms."

"The power of God is certainly indefinite, but his terms are express. I do not wonder at the folly and presumption of a self-appointed and sacrilegiously ordained—if ordained at all—missionary, and who had probably the year before left the tailor's board, or the shoemaker's stall; but I wonder at a man who had the title of doctor appended to his name, reading even amongst a few females that which destroyed one of his own favorite theories against Catholicity. The power assuredly was not granted to such; for there is not even ordination out of the Catholic church."

"How," said Mrs Stanhope, "not ordination! I saw a clergyman ordained when I was in Scotland; and I must say, I thought there was great presumption in a parcel of mere men laying on hands, as if in the act there was an inspiring influence."

"You might well think so, and of all that they dispense. But you would not have thought so, had you beheld men so officiating who could

reckon up their right and their power to the divinely-appointed Peter, whose successors and flocks have formed that church, which in a visible state was so solemnly promised to this world.—The day is indeed come, in which the cry is, ‘Lo here! and lo there!’ For my part, I am ashamed of the profanity. Religion is hawked about like a new song or baubles at a fair. But we must take things in their proper order, and since Mr D’Alembert declines the pleasure of opening up your minds to the most important of all truths, I shall do my best, trusting that a thorough, confiding, and humble dependence on God, together with my zeal, in which only I can compete with Mr D’Alembert, will supply the place of what is called talent.

“I shall not however lean to my own knowledge only, and after God, to my own feeble strength, but take the aid of such books as I think most clear and conclusive on the subjects which I mean to lay before you. Here is a list for a month to come of my spare hours,—I cannot say days, for a full day that I can call my own is what I never have, excepting when for a short space I visit my friends in London, when my place here is vigilantly supplied by one more

able than myself. You will, I know, keep those few hours sacred, and I rejoice that your retired mode of living is suited to such snatches of time as I can afford."

Whether Mrs Stanhope considered this arrangement as belonging to that chance to which her daughter had agreed to trust, we cannot tell, but she felt it impossible to disappoint the honest, fervent, good intentions of Mr Ashburn, and she promised to expect him next day at 12 o'clock. Miss Fortescue was seldom at home, but when she was, she had a public room entirely appropriated to herself.

CHAPTER VI.

MR ASHBURN was more than punctual, and the ladies were in readiness to receive him; the one, with all that discomfort of feeling which is the natural result of acting upon uncertain principles; the other, in all the lively exultation of having a people whom she deemed injured, and whom she admired, justified in every particular.

Mr Ashburn had an armful of books, from which he selected a small volume, and desired Mrs Stanhope to put away the rest for the present, adding, "I wish to do things in order; and would advise you not to read any of these books, until I have gone through this, which I shall do in my own way, always however retaining its precise spirit. The style is very old-fashioned, some words almost obsolete, and indeed my own has much of the unhewn block in it, so that, betwixt us, you will not be burdened with new-fashioned elegance; but in as far as

my text goes, rely upon it, that rough as the exterior of the block is, the best marble is beneath ; whether it would be benefited or injured by a less obtuse chissel than mine, I know not. His name and order cannot interest you ; his worth is undoubted, and his candour unquestionable.

“ What he first touches upon, is indeed the foundation of the whole, namely, whether Scripture be a sufficient rule to direct us in all controversy. ‘ Catholics,’ says he, ‘ do not deny the sufficiency of Scripture, but hold the incapacity of unlearned men to interpret aright, and maintain, that if Protestants hold their expositions as infallible, they go the same length with Catholics ; and if they do not hold them infallible, where is their guide ?’ Here then we take our stand. If every man, says my author, thinks he has a right to say, ‘ I know my interpretation is sound, because I have conferred one Scripture with another, from Genesis to the last chapter of the Revelations or Apocalypse, how much more the church, whose interpretation was made with all the skill and care that the most learned men, fresh to the study, and with every local advantage, which is great, could possibly bring ?—local advantages, which even in those compara-

tively immutable countries can never again be enjoyed; for as water, in the process of time, alters even this solid globe, so the stream of time fails not to make great changes upon tempers and habits the most obstinate and unalterable. Stay here, dear reader, (says my guide,) and as thou lovest thy salvation, ponder well before thou goest farther, upon the risk of taking as a guide to eternity that which must be subject to a world of errors, as all must be who rely upon mere human interpretation. Then ponder on the other side, and think how incomparably surer, and more justifiable in the sight of God and man, must that guide be, which not only brought to its interpretation every fresh and local advantage, but had also what supersedes all other aids, the special assistance of the Holy Ghost. Now the Scripture, as rightly interpreted by the church, will send us for the clearing of many doubts into the church authorised by Christ to instruct and teach us. The difference, then, between our adversaries and us, is, that we affirm the Scripture, as it is rightly interpreted by *the* church, to be the Rule of Faith, by which she decideth all necessary controversies.

“But our adversaries, disliking any dependence

on the church, will have the Scripture, by itself *alone*, to be rule sufficient to direct each one, who shall carefully confer or compare it, to judge and decide in all necessary controversies. This we flatly deny. What do they? They assert this in *words*; but in *deeds* they totally and entirely overturn their assertion; for where is the sectarian who does not take himself, and his own poor spirit for his guides, instead of Scripture and its spirit? Otherwise, whence the very word sect? But I shall prove (says my friend) that Scripture, taken as they take it, cannot be a sufficient rule to direct us in all necessary controversies; because, to end all controversies, we must at least rule ourselves by *all* the books of Scripture, and we must be assured that we do so. This is clear, because by no text in Scripture can it be proved that any determined book, or number of books, is sufficient to end controversy. But to do this, the whole number of books written by any Scripture-writer is absolutely necessary, seeing that no text speaks of any one, or any determinate number; but, *all* speak of *all*. Now mark to what pass this opinion brings you; for, if we are to judge *all* necessary controversies by *all* the books of Scripture that ever were written by

any inspired writer, we must necessarily have *all* those books amongst us. But we have not in the whole world extant amongst us *many* books of sacred prophetical Scriptures; for no fewer than twenty books of the prophetical penmen of the Holy Ghost have quite perished, as the learned Contzen proves in his preface to the four gospels; and I will prove this assertion, as far as sufficient, by these following texts; viz. Josh. x, 13. ‘Is not this written in the book of Jasher?’—Again, I Kings, iv, 32: ‘Solomon spoke 3,000 proverbs, and his songs were 1,005.’—I Chron. xxix, 29: ‘The acts of David, first and last, are written in the book of Samuel the seer, and the book of Nathan the prophet, and the book of Gad the seer.’ Where be these two prophets’ books?—Again, II Chron. ix, 29, mention is made of the books of Nathan the prophet, and the prophecy of Ahijah, and the visions of Iddo the seer.—And in chap. xii, 15, ‘in the book of Shemai the prophet, and Iddo the seer, concerning genealogies:’ which seems to be a different book from his book of visions mentioned before.—And in chap. xiii, 22, we hear of the story of the prophet Iddo; and chap. xx, 34, mention is made of the book of John, son of Haini; and chap. xxxiii, 19, we

find the sayings of the *seers* mentioned. We know then by Scripture, that what is said in these books is said by the prophets. Standing therefore to what is known by Scripture, these books which have perished did deliver what was spoken by the Holy Ghost, and contained the true word of God. Whence is proved that we have not now the entire word of God written; and by 1 Cor. v. ix, we find that an Epistle of St Paul's was lost. We then say, give us all sacred prophetic writings that ever were written, or give us at least some one single clear text, which tells us that we are to end all necessary controversy by such books *alone* as are *now* extant in the true canon of Scripture, or else be ashamed to speak without a text in this very question, in which you affirm that all our necessary controversies must be ended by only one clear Scripture. The controversy about this very question is one of the greatest of all controversies, and yet Protestants would have us credit them without thus being able to bring clear Scripture for what they say, especially Scripture conferred with those texts just cited, of which very few ever think, and thousands never heard of, or noted in reading. And though they should bring me a clear text to shew me what

is desired, yet where could you find a clear text to prove to me that all those twelve books, yea, or any one of them, which they have rejected amongst the apocrypha, do not belong to the true canon of the whole Scripture,—remember, I call for a text, as the Protestants bid me, and not for a reason, against which we have our reasons. The text says, you must end all necessary controversies; let then some text be brought able to end this, even in your own judgment.

“But if Scripture alone is the rule whereby to end all controversy, what became of those ages which had no such rule? Moses was not born until the year two thousand four hundred years of the world; and he was the first Scripture-writer. Scripture then is not the only rule of true faith, for Sarah, Rebecca, and others of those times, had true faith, and this faith was squared by *tradition* only. The rule by which all men should be ruled in all necessary points, should be in a language understood by all. But it is clear, that most of the Jews, in the captivity of Babylon, had lost the knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, wherein the old Scripture was written. Neither was the Bible translated into the Syriac language till some years after our Saviour’s death, and Syriac differs as much from

Hebrew, as Italian does from Latin; and the very letters differ as much as Greek and Latin. The Jews then, for above fourteen generations, understood the Hebrew no more than your people now understand the Bible in Latin! In the next place, that cannot be a sufficient rule to decide all necessary controversies, which speaks not one word of many necessary controversies, and the Scriptures speak not a word of many which are deemed such. Therefore, and first, it is absolutely essential to know which books of Scripture are canonical, and which not; also, whether the canonical books we have be alone sufficient to guide us in unavoidable disputes? Next, and most important, whether they can do this, if they be not incorrupt? Now, how are we to know if they are pure, and which copy is so? Then again, which is the true translation of this copy? Again, which is the true sense of this translation, and that assuredly and incontrovertibly, with a clear text for this assurance? Of these and many more particular and unavoidable causes of controversy, there is not a single word in Scripture. The Scripture is itself often so obscure, that it cannot be the rule whereby to decide controversy; and hence we see so many interminable controversies about

the meaning of such and such words and texts. So Peter, 2nd Ep. iii, 16, says of St Paul, in his Epistles, 'are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own damnation, as they do other Scriptures.'

"But farther; Christ did not command any one of the Evangelists to write his Gospel. They all wrote of their own accord, upon particular occasions, expressed by Eusebius. St Luke tells us in his preface why he wrote uncommanded. Christ then must have intended to leave some other rule for that church which never was to perish, and for the behoof of which he gave no order to have a written rule. And lastly, says my text upon this head, I infer from the clearness and distinctness with which Moses hath set forth the ceremonial law, and in so small a compass, that had Christ intended Scripture to be the sole rule of faith, he would have said so, and would have compacted, and, as it were, brought into one view, all those points so essential to salvation, nay, the belief of which only can save us from damnation. For this did far more import to be plainly set down, than did the ceremonies of the Jewish church, which was merely the hand-maiden of the Christian. And

had all depended on individual Bible-reading, every man would not be sent, as Protestants are, *to seek*, even on pain of eternal woe, for those necessary points of belief, in a large volume,—now in this place, now in that place hard by, now in another a great way off, and so go *seeking*, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of the Apocalypse.

“I fear,” said Mr Ashburn, “I tire you, and indeed it will be prudent at first to be contented with small portions, as a taste for this sort of food cannot be formed all at once.”

“I declare,” said Florence, “I am very far from tired, and would far rather that you should proceed.”

“It may be so; but we should rise with an appetite from this, as well as from dinner, and though I will not *trick* you into such an appetite, as is recommended by some one, I will *openly* act upon the plan recommended.”

CHAPTER VII.

“Now,” said Mr Ashburn, on his next visit, “we shall proceed without loss of time to prove that tradition, besides Scripture, is essential:— ‘The word of God may be given either by tradition or in writing. Faith, or belief, depended on tradition until the days of Moses; yet we see that it existed in Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and Sarah. By tradition alone, the sabbath was held sacred; by tradition alone, the distinction of beasts clean and unclean was known; by it, the selected of God knew themselves obliged to refrain from the eating of blood, and also that tithes were to be paid to priests; by tradition only, they knew of the fall—that all important, and, alas! radical event—and by tradition alone, they were taught to expect a remedy for sin, by the true efficacy of penance and repentance through Christ; a reward for good, and a punishment for evil conduct. From Abraham

until the written law, a term of about four hundred years, they knew by tradition *alone* the covenant of circumcision, that type of regeneration by baptism. Give us one text which forbids us to take tradition, and we shall yield all this. Even after the word of God was committed to writing, the Gentiles had not the Scriptures, yet many believed, as witness Job. Do you blame the too easy belief of such? And even among the Jews, after they had the written word, many essentials were merely traditional;—as the remedy for the original sin before the eighth day, and for women and children before and after. It was only by tradition they knew that all the virtue that sacrifices had to take away sin, was to come from the blood of their Redeemer. It is urged against us, ‘thou shalt not add to the word, I command thee, neither shalt thou diminish aught from it.’ Deut. iv, 2. This refers only to sacrifices; it was always lawful for those in authority to add more *precepts agreeable* to the law: as witness; ‘the whole assembly took good counsel to keep *other* seven days,’ 2 Chron. xxx, 21—and at verse 27, ‘their prayer came to the holy habitation of Heaven,’ thereby proving an acceptance of this *extra* observance. So also in Esther, ix,

27: also Maccabees, iv, 56—59. Our Saviour himself kept this very feast; John x, 22, which is not only an approval of *extra* observances, but such an authority for the canonicity of the Maccabees, as Protestants would not overlook, had they been adopting what we had rejected; which, I have no doubt, they would have done with strong reproach, had that and the other apocryphal books been rejected by the church of Rome. And yet, wanting other authority, they are obliged on the very margins of their Bibles to give that of Maccabees. Again, the change of sabbath into Sunday is on traditional authority alone. The very *manner* of keeping it is contrary to all the Scriptures we know. It was with the Jews from even to even; it is now, from morning, and we dare not work on the evening of the Sunday. Who taught us this? Tradition only.

“ ‘Tradition is, therefore, to be truly held as the word of God, making us fully assured of what is *not* written. For example: it was some years, after the death of Christ, before his glorification after death was *written*, so as to express that Jesus was that Christ whom God had glorified; and yet, before this was written, St Peter said truly, Acts, ii, 36, ‘There-

fore let all the house of Israel know assuredly—(mark the word, assuredly)—that God hath made the same Jesus whom you have crucified both Lord and Christ.’ We may, therefore, have an infallible faith in what is not written, as, ‘Therefore, brethren, stand and hold the traditions you have been taught, whether by *word* or by our Epistle.’ 2nd Thessalonians, ii, 15. And again, 2nd Corinthians, iii, 3, ‘You are the epistle of Christ, not written with ink, but with the spirit of the Living God.’ Wherefore most of the apostles gave their converts no other form, but what by their preaching they had written in their hearts, ‘not with ink, but with the spirit of the Living God.’ Suppose, as St Irenaeus says, the apostles had left no Scripture, should we reject what they committed to those whom they appointed? How many nations of barbarous people have consented to the soul-saving doctrine written in their hearts? For a world of the first believers never saw the Scriptures. It was the year ninety-six, before St John wrote his Gospel; and when the canon of Scripture was fully ended, there is no mention made even of the least care taken by the apostles to divulge the Scriptures in barbarous

languages : no, nor to divulge it in Latin itself, as you must needs confess, who deny primitive antiquity to all Latin editions. All this clearly proves, that tradition was relied upon, as upon the word of God itself. See 2nd Thessalonians, iii, 6 ; Romans, vi, 17. In one place, he praises the Romans for having observed *oral* instructions ; and so he might, for hitherto he had not written.

“ ‘ You ask how we know a true apostolical tradition from a false ? I answer, by its having been handed down by a full, unanimous report of all Catholic nations and ages, attested by their universal practice and uniform doctrine. What other proofs, I ask, have *you*.’ ”

“ But I wish to know,” said Mrs Stanhope, “ how you can be *assured* that yours is the true church, and that we are obliged to rely upon the traditions approved by her ? ”

“ Your question leads to the next most important point, for if the church of Christ *could* fail, then, indeed, you might ask how we know ours to be it, and how we know her traditions to be pure and canonical.—I shall first state the objections made to the absolute necessity, arising from promise alone, of a perpetually *visible* church. The chief lies in the words of

Elias: 'I, even I only, remain a prophet.' And again he repeats, 'I, even I only, am left.' 'Hence,' say they, 'we see how the church could be reduced.' I answer, that Elias means, 'I, only I, remain a prophet of our Lord, standing openly against the fury of the apostate tribes of Israel.' For we are told presently, by God himself, that there were left in Israel seven thousand, who had not bowed the knee to Baal. And in the former chapter we are expressly told of a hundred *prophets* of our Lord hidden by fifty and fifty in caves. Besides, Elias knew full well that not all the children of Israel, but only ten tribes, had fallen from God. He knew also that the still-faithful tribes of Judah and Benjamin afforded Rehoboam an hundred and fourscore thousand men, to fight against the revolted ten tribes. This is again repeated, with a notable declaration how much the true church even then flourished in Judah and Benjamin. Farther on, about the same period, we hear of so many as makes a sum total of eleven hundred thousand and sixty thousand soldiers, and 'all these were at the hand of the king, besides others whom he had put in walled cities.' Behold the Jewish church even at the lowest ebb. Christ's church

is of much higher importance and dignity, wherefore at all times, after her establishment, you must find me as many visible professors of her doctrine as the Jewish church had in her meanest condition, for the New Testament is established in far better promises.

“The other considerable objection to the continuity of the church planted by Peter is, that ‘perhaps those promises made by God to the church were on the condition of her obedience, for so all his promises to David and to Solomon were made.’ I answer to this, that it is evident some of these promises, which *seem* made to *them* and *their* posterity, must not be taken *literally* according to the flesh, but as they by grace be sons of Christ, as he was of David. And many of these promises are made so absolutely, that *absolutely* they admit of no such condition. For proof hereof, see Psalm lxxxix, 4, all which is verified only in Christ. There are many other texts to the same purport, but one speaks particularly home, and cannot be applied to your doctrine of the Elect; I mean Protestant doctrine, (for you will pardon me when I say, that I consider *your* mind, in respect to religion, as a sheet of white paper :) see Psalm v. 27. I shall note for you about

thirty texts, all bearing on the same visibility of the Church, in which there must be a succession of pastors. So say you of yours; but I reply, all the other priesthoods, (if indeed the term be not profanation,) are broken into a thousand pieces. It is remarkable, that in Isaias, in the last chapter, verse 19, the prophet names *Africa, Lydia, Italy, Greece*, and the islands afar off; he addeth, at v. 21, ‘and I will take of them to be priests and Levites, saith the Lord; for as the new heavens and the new earth, which I make to stand before me, so shall the seed of your name.’ *But your Bibles* keep out the names of *Africa, Lydia, Italy, and Greece, for what reason*, is best known to the translators. In all these texts, if you read them carefully, you will find a perpetual succession of lawful priests, *still offering sacrifices, by lawful mission and ordination*. But see what the New Testament says on the same subject, yet if the Old fail, I can have little hope of the New. I shall note you ten texts to the same purpose in the New Testament, demonstrating that in all ages there must be a succession of true preachers of the word of God, and true administration of sacraments. Nothing can be more obvious than the appoint-

ment of giving to Peter the dispensation of all priestly offices, and thus following up the appointment of the tribe of Levi. How shall we know the true flock, but by having at its head the true shepherd, and by being under his guidance? Now ponder.—Is this to be found, with veritable and authoritative certainty, in any other church than the Catholic? What we have next to consider is, the universality and vast importance of this perpetual church, which also must be the converter and bringer-in of the Gentiles, as mentioned in some of these texts, which you can peruse at your leisure. If the church were to remain perpetually in any very small extent, perhaps in some ages we might hear little news of her. But the true, perpetual church, foretold in the texts cited, is no less foretold to be universally spread, and so visibly, that the very recital of these texts is enough to put out of countenance any other church but the Roman. Now, can you tell me what it is that has so spread and extended this true church? Surely you need not hesitate to give an answer which actually floats upon the surface. Her Conversions. This is not only verified in the true church, but verifies her. No church but the Roman

ever converted so much as one parish of Gentiles.* Yes," said Mr Ashburn, and his face glowed, his eyes sparkled, and he rose from his seat in the ardour of his spiritual extacy and satisfaction—"Yes, what true shepherd of this vast flock but must feel his heart distended, and his soul elevated? And pray, were this church spurious,—though I utter the word with holy awe,—how did God permit so scandalous a perversion of his word, as you Protestants would make it out to be? Not only such a perversion, but one of such unparalleled extent. Look to the East and to the West, to the North and to the South, and behold the work of the successors of Peter. The following texts evidence this vast extent of the true church:—‘I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth’—‘Look up to heaven, and number the stars if thou can’st. And he said, so shall thy seed be.’—‘By my own self I have sworn, saith the Lord, I will bless thee, I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand that is by the sea. And in thy seed shall all nations of the earth be blessed.’ And St Paul tell us, ‘Not that they are the children of the flesh (of Abraham) they are the children of God; but they that are the

* The book from which Mr Ashburn quoted, was written in the end of the 17th century.

children of promise are esteemed for seed.'—Are these texts only for the Jewish church? No. You must remember that she was only the handmaid of the Christian, and that, as St Paul says, 'the New Testament is established in far better promises,' and must flourish far more than ever the Jewish Synagogue did. Hence St John says, 'After twelve thousand of every tribe of Israel were signed, I saw a great multitude, which no man could number of all nations, tribes, peoples, and tongues.' Then follow other texts, in which you see deserts and solitary places mentioned, in which no one ever served before, become fruitful with the seed of everlasting life. Where then is this vast church? Look where thou wilt, and out of what you call the Romish you cannot find it. I dare say you admit this; for what is the poor, divided, illegitimate thing, which you denominate a church? We count one hundred millions! Aye, and we are every day recovering our lost sheep. Look at Ireland! But I have much to say of it at a future period. Your Protestant *church*,—if I may be allowed to profane the word by such an application of it,—puts me in mind of a piece of matter which a man divides so as to prove its divisibility; and what does it come to at last? So small a thing,

that the help of the finest microscope can scarcely render it visible ! You see at once, at one glance, that it is not universal ; and he knows little indeed, who is not aware that it is entirely destitute of the cohesion and unity of the true church. It will come, and ere it is very long, to the small atom upon which a philosopher has experimented. And alas ! how many philosophers of a different sort are they gratifying ? How many have they taught to exclaim, “ Who would be of a faith, in which we see not two of one mind ! ” You cannot read us those texts, which I have noted down for you, from Genesis to Malachi, and from Matthew to the Apocalypse, without seeing at once, that this church must have a succession of well-appointed priests, and that the true church must be at once visible and universal. I shall read you one of these many forcible texts on the last point, Exekiel, xvii, 22. ‘ Thus saith the Lord ; I will take the marrow of the high cedar, and will set it, and will plant it upon a mountain, a mountain high and eminent. On the high mountain will I plant it, and it shall shoot forth into a bud, and shall yield fruit ; and it shall grow into a large cedar, and all birds and every fowl shall dwell under the shadow of the boughs

thereof, and shall there make their nests.' And again, Daniel makes the church from a little stone to be grown into a mountain, filling the whole earth! How ridiculous, then, to tell me, you could scarcely see it during a period of one thousand years, before the coming of Luther!—See you not the reproach to God in this? God has been already reproached by the reckless and profane, who say that his mercy was slow, in allowing so many centuries to pass by without an all-saving Redeemer. And what do *you* make of this redeeming mercy, after it comes? A mere flash! To disappear for a thousand years. See also Micah, iv, 1—7. So that from this time, now and for evermore, the church was promised to be a mighty and a strong nation,—never a small, *self*-divided, *self*-dismembered, torn, shattered, mutilated thing,—somewhat like unto a company of masquerading satyrs, grinning at each other with something like a dubious satisfaction, but secretly undermining and destroying their own body. Zachary tells us, that in that day living waters shall issue forth of Jerusalem, half of them to the east, half of them to the west sea; and by and by he adds, that “all nations shall be accursed who come not up to drink of the living

waters." I again ask, whereat were they to drink for one thousand years, if the stream was poisoned, or for that space had disappeared? Malachi tells us, "the church shall be extended among the Gentiles as far as the sun-beams." Reflect for a moment. Was the completion of this promise to be delayed until *self-created*, often ill-taught, and *connected* as they are in a *worldly* manner, altogether ill-qualified beings, went out to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, under the name of Protestant missionaries! In the New Testament, the church's universality is still more clear, and no one, even the most querulous expositor, can say, 'this speaks of another than the Messiah.' 'A city on a hill'—'a candle in a candlestick'—the little mustard-seed to be the biggest of all plants—the apostles sent to preach to all nations, and this especial delegation to go on in the successors of Peter.—Peter's net is even broken with the draught!—Alas! was that a type of the evil to come? Ah, no! a Luther or a Calvin may injure the net for a space, but it will be repaired, and become even in that part more strong than before.

"Now," said Mr Ashburn, "having I trust

established in your mind, that is, when you have well considered all these texts, the necessity for tradition; that the church was always to have an uninterrupted succession of lawful, that is, apostolically appointed pastors; and the universality and never-failing visibility of the church,—I shall proceed to point out the next important quality of the church, namely, its *infallibility*. Nay, be not so alarmed. It is not the infallibility of the *pope*, but of the *church*, that we maintain; and we must trace up the sources of her authority to their very fountain head. As we have seen, it was at first as a little stone, which became a great mountain, that covered the earth; at first the soft pith of a tree, which being planted on the high mountains, became the refuge of all birds; so we shall see, that however small the one and apparently inert the other, yet was there both force and vitality.

“But you must first note, what is of vast essentiality; to wit, that in two ways, things of belief and practice are received by, and acted upon by, a community. The first consists in such laws as, when once received by the said community, are perpetually retained by the same in all places by the public practice,

yet there is no written record of them, nor can any one precisely say from what mouth they came; yet are they of such force, that nothing short of a violent and radical revolution could tear them from the regards of the people. Thus our *common law* in England, though never written by the original law-makers, is notwithstanding by daily practice most faithfully kept, and hath been so for many hundred years, by the whole nation diffused. And in this manner the church diffused keepeth in perpetual practice, and delivereth to her children as infallible truth, what was first delivered unto her, by commission from God, either in writing or by word of mouth. The other way of making and delivering laws is, to call together the representative body of the community. So here in England our statute laws are made, not only by the king, not only by the parliament, but by the order both of king and parliament. And, what is thus enacted is the decree of the nation representative. Now, as the representative of our nation is the king and parliament, so the church representative is the Chief Pastor thereof, together with a lawful General Council. And the definitions and decrees set forth by their authority, are called the definitions and the de-

crees of the Church Representative. *All such definitions, we Roman Catholics hold to be infallible.* But mark—whether the definition of a Council *alone*, defining without the Chief Pastor, or the definitions of the Chief Pastor *alone*, defining without a Council, be infallible or not, there are amongst us several opinions, in which we *do* and *may* vary, without any prejudice to our faith, which is not built upon what is yet under opinion, but upon that which is delivered as infallible. And we all unanimously hold that to be binding, which the UNIVERSAL CHURCH REPRESENTATIVE, consisting jointly of the Chief Pastor of the sacred church, voting *in* and *with* a General Council. But we never affirm that this representative, made wholly of men, is not of its own nature subject to error. Let our adversaries disprove, if they can, and that out of Scripture alone, that which we do say and affirm; to wit, that this Church Representative is *infallible, merely and purely by the special assistance of the Divine Providence, always affording to his Church a sufficient measure ‘of the spirit of truth, to lead her unto all truth.’* And that God is surely moved to do this, that no sins of his Church shall hinder him from the fulfilment of his promise, is most expressly

declared in psalm lxxxix,—note especially, from verse 28, and onwards. They would be chastised and smitten with stripes, but never, never forsaken.

“I hope, my dear Mrs Stanhope, you clearly understand this distinction, whereby you will see how pointless was that wit which the Protestants shot upon us, on the subject of the quarrel which at one time occasioned for a space two popes. ‘Pray,’ say they exultingly, ‘which was the *infallible* Pope? He at Rome or at Ravenna?’ I have, in reading on the last point, kept close to my text book, and I shall now give you a list of thirty texts to this purpose, because Protestants exclaim against nothing so much as this infallibility, as they *suppose*, of the Pope. I shall divide these thirty texts for you into three parts; the first shall contain such as command us *absolutely* to follow and obey the church, in such a manner as would wholly derogate from God’s wisdom if she could thrust errors on her children for divine verities. The second shall contain a multitude of such glorious expressions, used everywhere of the church, as would be most empty and false, if *the* church should *ever* prove the promulgator of errors. The third and last, such texts as plainly affirm truth to be still

taught in the church, and to be entailed upon her, promising she shall not revolt from it, but still stand a true pillar and ground of truth. You see, by the first set of texts, not only obedience exacted, but we see obedience yielded by the primitive Christians. Dr Ferne asserts, that the assumption of infallibility in the Catholic church has been the ruin of Christendom ! But do not all the spurious churches, from those of England and Scotland, downward through their thousand ramifications, hold themselves infallible ? They make *their* definitions, and admit of no appeal from them, although not two of them agree on one point. Look at the mere maniples of people, who say, speaking of themselves, ‘*The church!*’ I can prove this of one sect, who do not exceed one thousand persons, if indeed they reach that number ! See what a point then *the* church has come to ! Aye, and this little people are as despotic and tyrannical, as was ever reported of us, barring a little wholesome castigation, such as a father bestows on his well-beloved child. And few parents, after all, have had in proportion so small a number of rebellious children. And even now, look at Ireland, and behold how impossible it is to tear them from the true parent ! But how should I

groan in spirit, how should I weep and lament, if these things are so, and if the church of Christ is indeed so divided, so divisible, and so fallible a thing, that for one thousand years his church was worse than an extinct nullity! Worse! a million times worse—because it was exercising an illegitimate power. Where, then, was the God of salvation? Was he asleep? Did he again wink at the times of utter darkness? This could not be, after his own enlightening Son had come! Did he come then to shed a ray of light for a short space, while the church was yet scattered about and scarcely organised? And, when it took its form, was that form the work of Antichrist? Woes me, that the term should be applied to those who are reproached because they have the image of the dying Christ, of his glorious mother, and of some faithful and often martyred followers, in their most sacred sanctuaries. See what John I, Ep. ii, 19, says of heretics. Are we then the heretics? We, to whom kings and princes were in *holy* subjection—we, who planted and spread the Gospel in every quarter of the globe—we, who sent holy brothers to the new hemisphere,—aye, its most distant parts, there not only to plant the tree of life, but to sweep away

savage barbarity! Paul expressly intimates this power in us to keep our flocks steady and unwavering; see Eph. iv, 11. Was this power to die with the first apostles, when in fact it was far less needful?—when novelty itself, in all its green freshness, almost insured a luxuriant crop of obedience?—and was there to be no authority, no spiritual power afterwards, when the nerve slackened and the spirit grew faint? Surely, surely there must. No unprejudiced, unpoisoned mind can in reality believe a thing so entirely absurd, so entirely untenable. I cannot but flatter myself, Mrs Stanhope—for I generally address you, although in reality Florence is the prime mover in all this—that you now see, that you will in vain look elsewhere for this true visible church; and I shall tomorrow endeavour to prove, that the Chief Pastor of this church is the successor of St Peter.”

CHAPTER VIII.

“THE Old Testament,” said Mr Ashburn, next day, “teaches us, first, that amongst the priests of the old law, one was chosen successively to be the highest and chief priest. It is needless to cite texts on what, if you have but glanced at the Bible, you must know. Neither for the wickedness of any of them did God cease to govern his church by them; nay, even by supernatural assistance; as witness in John, xi. 51. Caiaphas, *notwithstanding* his wickedness, endowed with prophetic powers, *simply* because he was high priest. The old law being now transferred to the new, it was necessary that the priesthood should also be transferred. Hence, as you cannot but know, Christ called to him Simon, and presently changed his name to Cephas, which is interpreted *Peter, a rock*. I know the Protestants say, that when Christ adds, ‘Upon this rock will I build my church,’

that he meant himself. As if he said, ‘thou art Peter, or a rock,’ pointing to the apostle, and then, touching himself, added, ‘upon *this* rock, that is, on myself, I build my church.’ They charge us with forcing texts; but can anything be more forced, or more fantastic, than this? Why did he change the name? Would you believe it, Mrs Stanhope, I once heard a Presbyterian priest say, laughing while he said it, ‘One would almost think that Christ was guilty of a pun there!’ Had a Catholic said so, I should have inflicted a severe penance for such fearful profanity. But not even a *nominal* Catholic (and we have many since self-interpretation sowed the plentiful crop of infidelity) would have said so. No; they are brought up with so *profound* a respect for Christianity, that even when that which they term philosophy has taught them to believe that God never has condescended to reveal himself, either in actual words or by vision, they still revolt from profanity like that which I have just mentioned. Indeed, the man who from boyhood has three or four times in a week cast his eyes upon a sensible representation of what he afterwards believes to be a mere story, has still a reverence for him, who, as he thinks, was the victim of his

mistaken zeal. Yes, madam, whatever Protestants did in their frantic fury, and whatever they may still maintain as belonging to a system, which it is now their exclusive interest, in some countries at least, to support, no sensible man or woman, who knows human nature, will deny the wonderful power of pictures. I repeat it;—the man on whose mind the image of a deeply interesting, amiable-looking person (to say no more), and that person dying for public benefit, even under a delusion, will never have entirely effaced from his mind a respect—nay, an indefinable love, for that victim. It is human nature. And what has often been the result?—When a life of philosophy or of profligacy has drawn to a close, and the unhappy object is stretched upon the bed of death, the mind then undergoes a wonderful revolution. The whole past rushes on like a mighty torrent;—his thoughts, his actions, rise up like so many demons ready to tear him into atoms. He hides his head in an agony—a fresh retrospect takes place—he recollects, when led by the hand, perhaps by an aged and pious grandfather, he went to early prayers—to mass—to vespers—to evening lecture—to the closing prayer! ‘O God,’ he exclaims, ‘where is it all now?’ He

seeks to respire, raises his head, and the crucifix is fresh in all its interesting characters before him. ‘Great God,’ he exclaims, ‘where have I been? How have I forgotten my first love! Ah! is there one to whom I may pour out the black catalogue of my crimes? One from whom I may receive consolation?’ Believe me, my dear madam, I have known such histories. But how have I wandered, and from what point—O, yes; the profane man who, eating the very bread of his profanity, could dare to make such a speech. But he knew not that he spoke to one who was lineally descended from that rock. Yet we need not wonder that so base and unworthy an idea sprung from a Protestant brain: for if Christ held not the meaning *we* have ascribed to him, he was indeed a mere jester. ‘To thee I will give the keys of the kingdom of heaven.’—Why was this said, but as an investing in that power which he meant should reside in Peter and his successors? The giving of the keys is well known to signify naturally the supreme rule in a city or family. Hence the keys of the city were offered to the chief governors at their entrance; yet nothing is subtracted from the king of the country, or chief power, in what-

ever form it exists. Christ is the true power, as well as the true foundation, and a delegation took nothing from Christ; but while there are corporeal subjects, there must be a corporeal governor. Christ is the chief eternal governor; in and by his own virtue; Peter is perpetual governor, by the especial grant of his Great Sovereign. No well-ordered commonwealth is destitute of sufficient means always to provide her with a lawful head and sub-governors. And it is not enough to say, ‘Christ is King of kings, and Lord of lords,’ and therefore the commonwealth needs no other king or lord. In even a spiritual domination, while it is over *earthly, mortal* creatures, there must be a mortal power, to govern so many people, of so many countries, nations, customs, and dispositions, as are to be found from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same. It was then for this his church’s sake, that some one was ever to be first and visible head of it here on earth. Alas! alas! if the devastating mania were to continue and extend, the world would soon behold a worse falling off, than the frailties, the mortal frailties, which have at times visited our members, and brought disrepute on the church, through the medium of those who were, and are, resolved

not to distinguish between her and her administrators. Why, in numbering the apostles, is Peter always put first, and Judas last? Why did Christ require greater love in Peter than in the rest? Why say, ‘Lovest thou me more than these?’ Simply and palpably, to all who are not wilfully blind, because he intended to give him higher dignity than the rest. If every one of the other apostles be sheep of Christ, St Peter is here made pastor to every one of them, for he is here commanded to feed them. Note again, and principally, that the whole flock of Christ, his lambs, his sheep, his subjects, and their rulers, did not consist of those only men who then lived, but of far more; of all those faithful men, who were to be of the flock and church of Christ, even from his days to the end of time. Wherefore, this high pastorate being instituted out of his love and care of his flock, and not merely from a desire to honour Peter, was by ordinary succession to be devolved to all posterity. I have noted for you twenty-nine texts on this subject; these may lead you to more; and I hope, for the love of truth, as contained in the Scriptures, that you will give careful and unprejudiced attention to them.

“The next thing I have to speak of is, the

charge brought against the Pope of being *the* very Antichrist; for as such there is not a Protestant clergyman over the whole world that does not both preach and pray against them. It is almost impossible to be persuaded that *intelligent*, Bible-reading men, can credit what they thus loudly, publicly, and so frequently assert. And is it not dreadful, that such is now the prejudice against and the hatred of Catholics, that a Protestant congregation will swallow whatever a Protestant clergyman chuses to assert; and in this point at least, without using the much boasted privilege of reading and judging for themselves? Now the Scripture—but first let me premise, that I shall read you verbatim, and as it is put down here, every word that my excellent and respectable though by no means brilliant author, says on this highly important subject,—nor shall I presume, as I do too much, to mix it up with any thought of my own.—I may in justification of my author's style, say, that brilliant writing was not cultivated in England when he lived, as it is now. Men contented themselves, then, with plain solid sense, and cared little for mere polishing. He says, 'the Scripture teacheth clearly, that Antichrist is one particular, determinate man,

and not any rank of several distinct men successively living one after the other, as Popes do. Hence, II Thessalonians ii. 3, Antichrist is called, ‘That man of sin; the son of perdition, the adversary.’ And, Apocalypse xiii. 14, an image shall be made of this particular person, whereas no image can represent those hundreds of Popes, who have sat in St Peter’s chair. Again, it followeth that this particular man shall have a special name, and such a peculiar number shall express this name: ‘For it is the number of a man.’ A *man*, I say, and not many men succeeding one another, as Popes are. Whence it followeth, ‘the number of him is six hundred and sixty six:’—that *him*, whom Christ also insinuated to be one particular *man*, when he said, John v. 43: ‘If another shall come in his name, him you will receive.’ Whereas no one of the Popes was yet received by the Jews. Wherefore of the Pope it is false to say, ‘the Jews have received him.’ And this is the second reason why the Pope, according to Scripture, is not Antichrist. In the third place, this one particular man shall not come until we be close bordering upon the very last end of the world: Mark xiii. 24: ‘But in those days, after that tribulation (of Anti-

christ) the sun shall be darkened.' Popes have been ever since Peter's days, and that which you all call Popery hath been, as you confess, above these thousand years, and yet the sun shines as clearly upon the world as ever.—Fourthly, this one special man shall reign but a short time; whereas those Popes, upholders of confessed Popery, have reigned these many ages. Antichrist shall reign but three years and a half,—‘a time, and times, and half a time.’ See Daniel and Apocalypse. This time is further expounded to be, ‘a thousand two hundred and ninety days.’ And the church, a little after this persecution begins, shall fly into the wilderness ‘for a thousand, two hundred and sixty days.’ And for this time of twelve hundred and sixty days, ‘the two witnesses shall prophesy.’ Apocalypse, xi. 3. For the persecution of Antichrist shall last but ‘two hundred and forty months,’ as is there expressly said. And, Apocalypse, xiii. 5: ‘Power was given to the beast) to continue 240 months.’ The time, therefore, of Antichrist's reign shall be short. ‘For the Elect, the days shall be shortened.’—It is said that the devil shall be let loose for the short time of Antichrist's reign. Apocalypse, xx. 3: ‘After these things, he

must be loosed for a little time.' That is, after Christ hath bound up the devil, during the long time of the New Testament, described there by the complete and perfect number of a thousand years, he shall be let loose for the short time of the reign of Antichrist.—Fifthly, all the ministers in England, or out of England, can never be able to shew that the Pope did ever kill two such witnesses as Antichrist is clearly said to kill, that is, 'two witnesses, who shall prophecy one thousand two hundred and sixty days, clothed in sackcloth, who shall have power to shut the heavens, that it may not rain in the days of their prophecy, and power of the waters to turn them into blood, and to strike the earth with all plagues as often as they will.' If your ministers will prove the Pope to be Antichrist, they must not only prove that he did kill two such witnesses as these are,—for the true Antichrist must do this,—but they must also prove that the Pope did kill two such witnesses in Jerusalem, leaving their bodies lying in the streets thereof. For this also the true Antichrist must do, because it followeth—verse 7, and 8,—'The beast shall kill them; and their bodies shall lie in the streets where the Lord was crucified,' that is, in Jerusalem.—Sixthly,

hence it appears that the chief seat of Antichrist shall be at Jerusalem, where he shall most shew his power and glory; whence it was also said before, that the Jews should receive him; and the holy fathers commonly say, he shall be born a Jew, of the tribe of Dan; which is the cause why that tribe was not numbered with the rest: Apocalypse ix. Neither could the Jews receive him, if he were not born a Jew. None of these things agree to the Pope, and yet they all agree to Antichrist.—In the seventh place, the beast which shall set up the power of Antichrist, ‘shall make fire to come down from heaven on earth, in the sight of men.’ Apocalypse, xiii. 13. Tell me what setter up of the Pope did ever do this? There also it is said, verse 17, ‘That no man shall buy or sell, but he that has the character or name of the beast, or number of his name.’ In what Pope’s days was this verified?—And in the last and eighth place, that one special man, viz. he who is called the man of sin, ‘is extolled above all that is called God, or (all) that is worshipped.’ Now whosoever is extolled above all that is God, is not only extolled above judges and kings, but to be extolled above *all* that is *called* God. Kings and judges have sometimes been called Gods,

and by a quibble, you might try to get off in that way; but it is expressly *all* that is *called* God. So that he that is extolled above all that is worshipped, must be extolled not only above princes and kings, but above saints and angels, and God himself. Now, neither doth the Pope extol himself, nor is he extolled by any of his adherents, above the apostles, or angels, and much less above God himself, *shewing himself that he is God*, as their said Antichrist shall do."

"Take notice," said Mr Ashburn, "that my author always quotes the same Protestant bible; to wit, that printed at Cambridge, in the year 1635, by Thomas and John Busk, printers to that University; which Bible, king James did cause to be set forth, 'out of his deep judgment, apprehending how convenient it was, that out of the original sacred tongues there should be a more exact translation,'—as is said in the preface of this translation, dedicated to his Majesty."

CHAPTER IX.

“I THINK,” said Mr Ashburn next day, “I shall now give you some information respecting the sacraments of our church; I am sorry to say *our*, but it is sometimes unavoidable. And because we use several ceremonies in the administration of those sacraments, especially the Mass, as also on other occasions,—a thing much scoffed at by our enemies,—I shall say something on that subject. Concerning sacraments in general, before I speak of every particular one, I shall, to prevent mistakes, define a sacrament, which my little book does in the following words:—‘A sacrament is an outward sign, instituted by Christ, signifying the inward grace which it confers, when duly received. And here,’ says he, ‘it must be exactly noted, that every such outward sign, or holy ceremony, by the applying of which inward grace is infallibly conferred, when it is duly received,

must needs be a sign or ceremony instituted by Christ. For none but Christ could annex the infallible gift of inward grace to the applying of such an outward sign. If any one will contend that a sacrament is something else, and ought to be defined otherwise, all that I need to say in confutation is, that I will find in Scripture seven such holy signs or ceremonies, to the due application of which the gift of inward grace is infallibly annexed. But before I do this, I will speak of the ceremonies of the church which Protestants are pleased to account *foolish, childish, apish, and comical!* It is surely superfluous to point out, that in all actions of importance, or, in other words, such as we wish to receive above the ordinary, every-day actions of life, we are desirous of giving to them some such distinguishing mark as may prove that we esteem them to be of an important or impressive order. To convince you of this, you need only call to mind the inauguration of princes,—the coronation of kings,—these kings going to sit in council,—and, finally, when to them, all show and pomp have become nothing, how much time is spent, how much money, and how much trouble taken, before a man of rank can be committed, with due *ceremony*, to the dust?

There are those, indeed, who despise all this; who tell you it smells of aristocracy, of kingcraft; but it is very doubtful if society, if the human mind would be benefited by this Calvinistic system. But to show you, in one word, how dangerous innovation of a spiritual kind is, there are those now, and well-behaved, good sort of people, who tell you that all prayer is superfluous; that is, all supplication, because God, knows our necessities, and has besides predetermined what to grant; and all acknowledgment of daily sustenance a *foolish ceremony*, because God can on no account, and in no way whatever, be benefited by our gratitude. Think ye, that one who is used to see God served in such a manner as indicates that all that human observance can perform, or confer, is due to that God, would inhale the first morning air,—would sit down to the morsel that sustains him,—or would close his eyes in sleep, without acknowledging God? The law of nature, which was before the ceremonial, taught the holiest of men this very lesson. Hence we see Jacob performing what, had he lived in our day, would have been esteemed a silly superstition. See Gen. xxviii. 18. ‘Arising early in the morning, he took the

stone that he had laid under his head, and erected it for a title (or monument) and poured out oil upon the top of it.' A ceremony so far from being *superstitious*, or *superfluous*, or *apish*, or *comical*, that God approves this fact, appearing to Jacob and saying, 'I am the God of Bethel, where thou didst anoint the stone, and didst vow thy vow.' And because our adversaries scoff at ceremonies, as if they were ridiculous things, we advise them to reflect, whether a heathen may not as well scoff at Jewish ceremonies appointed by God himself? And, indeed, the Jews were considered, both by Greeks and Romans, as the most superstitious people in the world, on that very account. And though the Jewish ceremonies appointed by God have now ceased, yet it is even now blasphemy to say any one of them were foolish, apish, comical gestures. Yet, looked upon with carnal eyes, they may to the full as much appear to have been so, as the ceremonies of the church now appear to you. For example: What a mimical action would you account it in us, if, in the consecration of the Pope, we should appoint 'that the tip of his right ear, and the thumb of his right hand, and the great toe of his right foot,'

should be the parts particularly anointed? And yet God himself so commanded!—as you will see at Exod. xxix. 20. A number of ceremonies equally strange are to be found both in Exodus and Leviticus. But let us pass to the new law. Though in it all Jewish ceremonies are abolished, yet we *nowhere* find it said that we should serve God without *any* ceremonies; which no nation under heaven ever did. Christ himself was pleased to set forth some more mystical cures, which he did with such ceremonies as infidels have not only scoffed at, but called quackery. Such is the danger of giving the reins to *free, unrestrained* interpretation, and what is called *liberal thinking*, with which, in fact, true *Christian* religion cannot continue. Rousseau, whose taste and natural good sense led him to leave us, in writing, one of the most beautiful eulogies on Christ that was ever composed, laments, in his grave style,—for his mind was cast in a more sober mould than that of Voltaire,—that Christ should have disfigured his miracles—(I suppose he means apparent miracles)—by *quackery*, as narrated by Mark vii. 32. ‘He took him from the multitude apart; he put his fingers into his ears; spitting, he touched his tongue; he looked up to heaven;

he groaned; he used a word requiring special interpretation, saying 'Epheta,' that is, 'be opened.' I speak of Rousseau from memory; but I think that is the particular instance he gives. But Christ used frequent and many mysteries. Again, in curing a man blind from his nativity: 'He spit on the ground, and made a clod of his spittle; then he spread the clay upon his eyes; next he said unto him, go, wash in the pool Siloe, which is interpreted Sent.' Probably my Protestant acquaintance (a clergyman too) has found a *pun* in that also. What Rousseau has said in the spirit of infidelity,—and, by the bye, his infidelity is more dangerous, that there is about it a melancholy which gives it a peculiar air of sincerity,—I say, in the depth of respectful submission, that assuredly these miracles could as well have been performed by uttering simply the words 'See' and 'Hear,' as by the *ceremonies* which he was pleased to add. But in these acts we deem that he taught his church to use such mysterious actions as are ordained to cure our spiritual deafness, spiritual dumbness, and spiritual blindness. So we shall see it to be Scripture, that sprinkling of water must be used in baptism, imposition of hands in confirmation and ordi-

nation, anointing with oil in extreme unction. Before our Lord gave the blessed eucharist to his disciples, he made choice of a *large* upper room, *furnished* and *prepared*. He first washed his disciples' feet; then, sitting down, he took bread, blessed it, broke it, &c. as in Mark xiv. Here is all the attention bestowed upon mere accommodation, that the circumstances or station in which Christ had pleased to place himself could afford; and in washing the feet of his disciples, he not only gives a lesson of humility, but one of those instances in which extraordinary actions were to be rendered more impressive by adventitious aids. When we, with a sense of the excessive purity which should attend the whole of that rite, wash the tips of our fingers before touching the Host and Chalice, you cry out, what absurd, vain, silly superstition! Yet our Lord washed even the feet of all present.

“ Indeed, there can be no better example of the indecent nakedness, as I have heard, of at least one Protestant community, than the whole deportment in their places of worship,—a sort of conduct which, if true, shews an utter deficiency in what may be termed the *soul's* civilization—that civilization which makes all alike, even here. Yes; nowhere, if it be true what I have

heard, especially of Scotland, is the want of that wholesome chastisement, that vital curb, more apparent than in their places of worship. There, I learn, it is self-evident that they have no longer that authoritative curb which, while it restrains and modifies the internal man, gives a decency to his whole deportment, in connection with all that regards sacred observances. It is true, we have some observances for which we cannot show texts; neither can your ministers for their surplices, nor the Calvinists for the only distinction from laymen which they retain—their bands. No doubt many of them must be traced to what may be termed the *common law* of the church, ‘which repeareth in *time* whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.’ I shall show you afterwards, from Glover, that in all these there is a signification; and in the whole there is a most beautiful efficiency in preserving that which is the *first* mark of our church; to wit, its unity. Catholics know, all over the world, that at the self-same moment, the self-same ceremony takes place; and is observed in the same actual, precise, and minute manner, from east to west, and from north to south! If one might be allowed such a comparison,—and it may strike *your* mind, and

therefore be useful—it resembles a deeply attached but unavoidably separated couple, who agreed at the same precise moment to fix their eyes on the same planet. Yes ; when we think that thousands of officiating priests are at the same moment, knowingly to each other, administering to millions of people, each of whom knows that every pious soul of the church is engaged in the same way, we are presented with a grand, immense, and soul-impressing picture of unity. Do you think that without rites and ceremonies the Jewish church would have been the adhesive thing that it was, and is? The ceremonies of our church tend, along with its primitive intrinsic source, to keep it up as an entire and inseparable establishment. Take these away, and, as I have hinted before, the mortarless edifice will fall in pieces exactly like unto those who despised and set at nought our ceremonies. While on earth, we must have tangibilities in order to the preservation of any system : our corporeal state renders this indispensable. It is thus that the Calvinists, anxious to strike at the root of what they term Popery, have rendered their religion a mere sentiment. And here, if it were not like profanity, I might tell you a story which is not unapt, and which

my acquaintance, the Protestant minister, told me by way of simile on some occasion—for, to do him justice, he is an excellent companion.”

“If it apply to his own church,” said Florence, “you need not term it profanity in you.”

“Perhaps not, Florence. Well then, he told me that when he was a little boy at school—for he is an aged man—a recruiting serjeant was beating up for recruits, giving all the splendid promises which are held forth on these occasions; such as money in hand, free quarters, love and admiration wherever they should go—and on the day of battle not only immortal glory, but silver and gold in such loads that there would scarcely be horses left to carry the wealth upon. An old soldier, a sturdy and very tattered beggar, started up at the hand of my acquaintance, and putting his alms-bag (pock, the Scotchman called it) upon the end of his long walking-staff, exclaimed, ‘And behold the end!’—Well may the Calvinistic church in all its ramification exclaim, ‘And behold the end!’ It is worth noting of this same old sturdy beggar, that in some parts of Scotland he is said to have sat for the picture of that illustrious man in the Antiquary, called Eddie Ochiltree. The man’s own name was Andrew — Andrew — I forgot what,

and yet I made myself sure of recollecting it, from its resemblance to Gimlet; but I have a most traitorous memory, and in this case it is of no importance. *The end*, I hear, is, that the Calvinistic world are so sure of the efficacy of faith *alone*, that they absolutely despise and condemn good works, quoting sometimes, as I learn, one of the fathers, who said, ‘Splendid works are splendid sins;’ but they forget to add, ‘when such works are gloried in, and held up *alone*,’ as *they* do Faith.

“But next they cry out, ‘Why did your church prescribe *just* these particular ceremonies, and no other?’ First, I answer, that either these particular ceremonies are more proper and connatural to such actions, sentiments, and emotions, on which they are attendant, than any other could be; or secondly, they are fittest for some mystical signification. Some of them, I will not deny, *may* have had their source in the ardour, or, if you please, enthusiasm of those who first used them. Imitation followed, and the practices have been sanctified by long use. In this interpretation I am perhaps erroneous, for I imagine it more truly correct to think and believe that every impulse in these sacred services was prompted by the Holy Ghost. But

even if a little humanity mingled in our spiritual services, while that modification of humanity takes its shape and colouring from the ardour of holy zeal, where is the great need to vilify and cry ‘Shame!’ as though every motion carried murder in it? The unepiscopal Protestants deride the English church for some of its very best services; for instance, at the end of the Litany there is a repetition of some very solemn, and as it would seem, soul-inspired supplications. These have been even jested upon! Yes, I shudder while I say it, jested upon, by the profane spoilers of all eternal sacredness! I was once present on such an occasion, when a moderate and sensible Presbyterian, after seeming to reflect seriously, said, ‘That may now appear strange, and even absurd, which some centuries ago was imperiously called forth by circumstances. Was it not natural, in a people just breathing from persecution, just beginning to set their feet on firm ground, scarcely yet sure of their own stability, to pour forth reiterated and urgent supplications for peace and spiritual sustenance?’ Although a part of this speech glanced at ourselves, and although she was ignorant that the very thing she praised was borrowed from us, yet, on the whole, it was so sensible, that I

bestowed upon her my warm approbation. She was not aware, that perhaps one thousand seven hundred years ago, when *really* persecuted, the true church had breathed and brought into use those very supplications. So, I will admit, it might happen, that in the ardour of an excitation called forth by external circumstances, some look, or gesture, or movement might creep in, which had no express connection with the service. Yet, for my own part, I see not where these are.—But our unsatisfied adversaries, as my text-book says, would have asked the self-same question of any other particular ceremonies, if the church had been peculiarly appointed. Even as some men will curiously be asking, why did God make the world just at such a particular time, and not sooner or later? ‘For,’ as St Augustine answers, ‘had God made choice of any other time to make the world, you would still go on putting the same question.’ Even so, you would as wisely have been saying, ‘Why just such a ceremony, and not as well such or such an one?’ For there is no end to human cavilling, when human pride rebels.” So saying, Mr Ashburn put up his book and took leave.

CHAPTER X.

“ It is now proper, after speaking of our ceremonies, to inform you of that in which these ceremonies are chiefly used. The first, as in natural order, is Baptism: and I cannot do so well as to read you, without ‘ note or comment,’ according to modern phrase, the little chapter in my text-book, precisely as it stands in my author’s own old-fashioned words:—

“ ‘ I will first shew Baptism to be a holy sign or ceremony, signifying and causing grace in those who duly receive it; Ezech. xxxvi. 25.—
‘ And I will pour upon you clean water, and you shall be cleansed from all your contaminations.’ Behold an outward pouring of water, cleansing inwardly from all contaminations. The baptism of St John was an outward pouring of water, with a solemn profession of doing penance towards cleansing the soul; but no grace was given by it to cleanse the soul. So

Matt. iii. 11.—St John Baptist saith: ‘I have baptised you with water, but he (Christ) shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost.’ His baptism shall give this soul-cleansing grace. Again, Acts ii. 38: ‘Be every one of you baptised for remission of sins, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost.’ Again, Acts xxii. 16: ‘Rise up and be baptised, and wash away thy sins.’ Nothing can cleanse from contamination, give remission of sins, wash away sins, but that which gives grace. As see Galat. iii. 27: ‘As many of you as are baptised in Christ, have put on Christ.’ Hence baptism is called, Tit. iii. 5, ‘the washing of regeneration;’ and by it man is born of the spirit. Whence, John iii. 5. ‘Unless a man be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God:’ that is to say, Baptism so breeds our spiritual birth in God, as our carnal birth causeth our life into the world. Wherefore even the children of the just need baptism; for, Rom. v. 12: ‘Unto all men death did pass, in whom all sinned.’ Whence David, Psal. li. 5: ‘And in sin did my mother conceive me.’ And, therefore, ‘unless such an one be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he shall not enter into the kingdom of God.’ For of every one, Eph. ii. 3:

‘ We were by nature children of wrath, as also the rest.’

“ On this short, simple, but most true statement, I shall merely remark, that the children of men are not changed since the days of the apostles. The same contaminations are to wash away; the same remission of our sins is requisite; and it is still needful that we be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost. As I have said on a former occasion, surely all power, all delegation, did not end with the first apostles; but Protestants cannot brook that this should have been vested in those against whom they have agreed (and in that *only* have they agreed) to wage eternal war. They will rather abandon, lose sight of entirely, the vivifying grace of the sacraments, than suppose that Peter transmitted the power of dispensing them to us accompanied by that grace.”

CHAPTER XI.

NEXT day, Mr Ashburn said, "I must really apologise to you, Mrs Stanhope, for the very dictatorial and arbitrary manner in which I am proceeding; a manner which, by implication at least, seems even to supercede in you the necessity of any interrogation; but your ignorance seeming to amount to this, that you knew there existed betwixt us a difference, but was in general altogether uninformed of what it consisted, I deemed it only a mockery and a loss of time to beg you to put any questions. But I must intreat that you will not look upon me as a dictatorial tyrant, who is resolved to have his dogmas swallowed, whether they be right or wrong."

"I cannot think that," said Mrs Stanhope; "for, excepting in point of mere forms and ceremonies, I cannot but admit that your texts, which I have perused most carefully, agree with

the memorandum which Florence makes out every day of what you have said, imitating in this way Mr D'Alembert's mode with his pupils."

"I rejoice," he replied, "that so far you are satisfied with the conformity between the doctrines of my text-book and my own occasional remarks."

"Yes," said Florence, doubtingly; "but Protestants explain all these *self-same* texts, as your book says, in a manner which equally suits their systems."

"You do well to say *systems*, Florence; and in that one word, you have answered them *all*. There can be but one Bible truth; but it is most wonderful, if in the course of fifteen hundred years, with the Bible in their hands, and with, as I shall afterwards notice, the very peculiar advantages of time and place during the first centuries of that long period, the wisest and most enlightened men of Europe, Asia and Africa, should have raised up only a mass of errors! I say, it is strange, if with the Old and New Testaments for a foundation, hundreds of men, distinguished for research of and devotedness to the truth of Scripture, should have raised on that holy foundation a super-structure of

cheating, lying absurdities ! Yea, to such a pitch, as to merit the appellation of Antichrist ! I know what you would say ; I see it in your eyes. You would say, ‘for our aggrandisement !’ Stupid, stupid ignorance ! The aggrandisement of whom ? A set of men who are cut off from the world—who have no families—who are often immured in cells—and of women who are shut out, or rather who shut themselves up, from all the fripperies and toys of life, and far more, from its *grandeurs*. That we love the aggrandisement of our most holy church, is true. But why ? Its grandeur gives *us* nothing. Do we transmit its silver, its gold, its gems, to our natural posterity ? I need not say, ‘No.’ We have no posterity to bequeath to when dead—and what is far, far better, we have no one while living with whom to divide those hearts, and those cares, which we consecrate to God alone. We may, indeed, in a humble imitation of Christ, look upon the multitude, extend our arms, and exclaim, ‘Behold our relatives !’

“But,” said Mrs Stanhope, “we hear of nepotism.”

“True ; I admit it. Nay, you have heard of far worse. But if humanity under such a consecration can err, what are we thereby

taught? An awful lesson. Believe me, I have fallen asleep, and I have awaked full oft with the lesson before my eyes. We are taught that if he who stands at the head of our visible church, if he who is the express and absolute representative of Peter, whom no one can deny was appointed by Christ,—that if he should even be so beset by human passion, by the virulence of original sin, as to be drawn aside; how watchful, how humble, does it behove us to be! But that is not the only lesson it teaches. It shews us, that even bound by vows, and with a system of absolute and positive singleness before us, yet we may have our hearts drawn away to individuals, as individuals, and not as objects of spiritual care; and if so, what must be the case of him, whose heart is torn into a thousand atoms by the care of a family? The situation is altogether incompatible with the man who would seek to serve his God, in leading God's rational, accountable creatures to eternity. Madam, the man who would render that service as he ought, behoves to apply to his mind, to his heart, to his soul, a sponge, and absorb from them every human care. And that sponge must be applied not once but often,—not often but always. The whole doctrines of

Christ and of Paul are on our side ; and—but, to ladies, it is as needless as it would be improper to be more particular. In short, the mind, heart, and soul of a priest should come to his office, at all times, clear, pure, and unspotted, as far as weak humanity can ; and at all events avoid whatever tends, notoriously tends, as all worldly connexions must do, to corruptions and estrangement. But let us proceed : I have, as usual, wandered strangely, and yet, after all, I have not finished what I intended to say, but travelled from the aggrandisement of our churches to the purity which ought to exist in our priests. And upon the subject of ornamenting the temples of God and his officiating ministers, I must say, that had we been the plain, unadorned, and *externally* unmystified people that Luther and Calvin raised up, these reformers would have cried shame upon us. They would have said, especially Calvin, ‘ Is God to be served without a single outward sign—without a single ornament—without the least appearance of that mystery, which all holy legislators shewed forth ? Shame upon such parsimonious servers of God ! Search the quarries for marble, the mines for gold, silver, and precious stones, tax the cunning workmen of the chisel

and the brush, and let the daughters of industry shew forth their skill, in adorning God's temples and his ministering priests!' But no; a new fashion was wanted, and it was their's to despoil, not to raise up and to create. And woes me!" said Mr Ashburn rising, "if the sons and daughters of novelty march on as heretofore, we shall see a confusion worse confounded than that of ancient Babel. But I have driven my mind from its proper base—see how easily we are discomposed, and judge if the guard I spoke of be not needful? Yet, after all, the subject of such fearful and, as it will be seen, destructive innovation, is one of such deep interest, as may perhaps excuse an agitation which makes me rather unfit for this day's proper lesson."

CHAPTER XII.

Mr ASHBURN returned next day at an earlier hour than usual, and as if vexed for the time he had lost,—though we do not see that it was so to the grand object in view,—he commenced with that steady, down-bent eye, which betokens a tone of mind that will not easily be disturbed.

“The second sacrament is Confirmation; and here I shall again read you literally what my book sets forth:—‘Confirmation is proved to be a sacrament in Acts, viii. 4: ‘And when the apostles that were in Jerusalem had heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John; who, when they were come, prayed that they might receive the Holy Ghost. For he was not come upon any of them, but they were *only* baptized in the name of our Lord Jesus. Then did they impose their hands upon them (behold the outward sign) and

they received the Holy Ghost. Behold the inward grace given to those who, though they had been baptized, yet they had not received this particular strength and confirmation of special grace, which the coming of the Holy Ghost in this sacrament did bring unto them. It is also most agreeable to Scripture, that this sacrament be given not by inferior priests but by bishops. Whence Bede excellently noteth, that it was not Philip the apostle, who is here said to have converted Samaria, but Philip, one of the seven deacons. And so, though he could baptize them, yet he could not give them this sacrament, and therefore the apostles sent Peter and John to Samaria, not to baptize them again, but to confirm them. As to the *matter*, for in sacraments we talk of matter and form, it is a mere cavil to say that there is no authority for the use of oil, since the practice of all antiquity is a sufficient warrant. We may as well urge, that water is not to be used in baptism, because Christ, in Matt. xviii. 29. does not actually name it. Some say, that the text I alleged for this sacrament refers to the gift of the Holy Ghost, in order to speak several languages; but St Austin understood it in the sense we attach to it; he says, ‘Is there any man of so perverse

a heart, as to deny these children, on whom we now impend hands, to have received the Holy Ghost, because they speak not with tongues?" And, in fact, every well-instructed person knows, that in the primitive church confirmation was held to be as essential as baptism."

"But," said Mrs Stanhope, "we suppose that the essential efficacy of imposition of hands ended with the apostles."

"Then, why did not the essential efficacy of baptism end with the apostles?"

"Because *it* was more essential."

"And if more essential, does not this infer a still more sacred power in man in the one case than in the other? and this sacred power, Protestants still reserve to themselves. But the truth is, Protestants wished to cut off all that could possibly be cut off, in order to bring reproach on us; and, indeed, for one thing, they wanted '*a more perfect freedom.*' Our duties were too multiplied, too cumbrous, and our restraints suited not their flesh and blood. However, *your* church still retains confirmation."

"Yes, but not as a sacrament: Tell me why you call it by that sacred name?"

"First tell me what you mean by the word sacrament?"

“An oath, I believe.”

“True; and can you not tell me whereabouts in the New Testament you find either Baptism or the Last Supper denominated a sacrament?—Nowhere, rely upon it. The term is merely an arbitrary one, and that of ‘Spiritual obligation’ might have been bestowed with equal propriety. The word is of ancient Roman use, and was applied by our church as the most brief and expressive term. I am astonished that the Protestants left us even the term. But they felt that they had gone near enough to the key-stone—by and by, and those two intervening ones, which are even now in a defenceless enough state, will disappear, and their arch, such as it is, will be about their ears.”

“But why did you make seven sacraments?”

“I may just as well say, Why have you made two? We find warrant in Scripture for all those sacraments, which warrant, Protestants either could not or would not find; and from the two which they retained, they took away all efficacy, as my text-book says at the close of this chapter. But I must acknowledge there was a modesty, and even a consistency, in this sacrilege, for they must have been well aware

that they (the priests) possessed no *dispensing power*. Whence, tell me, could they derive it? John Black was ordained by John White, he by Tom Bird, and so on, up to Luther. But where was Luther's right? a man who had broken his vows from the most licentious of motives—a man who had torn himself from the only church in existence which could be called the True one. He snapped the link, as far as he could, which had been continuous from Peter and Linus; and so far from pretending to any sacerdotal right, had those formerly conferred upon him lain at his feet on a parchment scroll, he would have trampled upon them,—aye, in his mad, characteristic fury, he would have danced upon them. Whence then his power even of ordination? So they do well, and modestly, and consistently, to strip their poor service as clean as may be from all divine unction. Yes, I give them credit for that. But is that which they have left a church? My dear madam, had the mischief ended in *their* possessing a mere dead skeleton, instead of that which was endowed with a healthful, a beautiful and an imperishable vitality, it might have been less lamentable, and God in his mercy might have pitied their insanity;—but no—it was not insanity—the

whole was generated in vicious saneness. Yet their deluded followers might have found grace and pardon by contrition. But what have they done? In cavilling at our five rejected sacraments, they have led men to reject the whole; for, say freethinkers, we have no better authority for the two retained than for the five rejected as bearing the name of sacraments. But I shall not profane your ears with their arguments, and I shall merely remark, before I proceed to proofs upon our view of the Eucharist, that an objection has been brought against our five rejected sacraments, which some think unanswerable; to wit, that they are not *peculiar* to the Christian religion. Now, suppose a people should be discovered, and it is by no means impossible, who once in their lives dip in water, as a token that all their sins are washed away, will Christian baptism then cease to be a sacrament?

“The holy sacrament of the eucharist, says my author, under visible signs of bread and wine, signifying nourishment, doth invisibly contain the body and blood of our Lord, which nourishes our souls with his grace to everlasting life. See John vi. 48: ‘I am the bread of life; your fathers did eat manna in the desert

and they died. This is the bread that descendeth from heaven, that if any man eat of it, he die not. I am the living bread that came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.' Behold here is the *invisible* grace. 'And the bread which I will give you is my flesh, the life of the world.' Behold the outward visible sign, truly containing his person who gives the grace. And tell me not that this is said of his flesh, 'for flesh profits nothing.' Here then comes in the *real presence* of Christ in the sacrament of the Eucharist, which we all profess to be his true body, and consequently not to be bread, but living bread, as St John calls it; whence followeth transubstantiation, or change of the substance of dead bread into the true body of Christ, which we all say to be as truly in the sacrament as he is in heaven at the right hand of his Father. And therefore adoration is no less due to him here in the sacrament, than to those in heaven; as reason persuades, if we can show that the self same body is really present in the sacrament. And let the first proof hereof be taken from the clear and so often-repeated words, even word for word, in the gospels of St Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and epistle of St Paul: 'This is

my body, this is my blood: I Corinthians xi. 24. If these texts are to be understood figuratively, as you Protestants say, then, questionless, the apostles and their successors did tell the first christians (and that even with some pains and explanation) that such was the case; and together with their first faith they must have received this doctrine, which they along with that faith would deliver in like manner to their successors, for it seems one thousand years! Now take notice, that this is a period of such length as to give ample time for an indelible impression being made upon the minds of all Chistendom, especially when the subject to be remembered was of such vast importance. But behold! the time at last arrives, in which some *one* man began first to teach that those texts are to be understood literally as they are found, and *that one* man taught that Christ is really present in the sacrament, and being so, was to be adored. Now, when this one man began this doctrine first,—for some *one* man must have been at first the beginner,—it could not but seem new, as being never heard before; it could not but appear false, as being notoriously contrary to what all true believers in the world then believed; it could not fail to be accounted

idolatrous by all men of understanding, (and surely there would be a few men of sense) as teaching that to be *adored* for God which for one thousand years had been received as bread and wine; and it could not but seem a most incredible doctrine, which must needs teach the great body of a man to be wholly contained in a small quantity of a little piece of bread! But more than all that, what must have been the general sensation, the creeping horror, of so new, so strange, and so innovating a doctrine, had it really been new, *as that the self-same body was present at the same moment in one hundred thousand places, and eaten in each?* Teaching at the same time, that there was *no* bread and wine, where there was *nothing* but bread and wine palpably and evidently present? Yea, when the faith then professed, and which had been cherished for one thousand years, told them what was far more credible and agreeable to natural truth? Now, how could this one man, who first came forward with this new doctrine, this remarkable innovation, which ran counter to all that Christendom had been so long accustomed to, as well as counter to all that seemed obvious common sense, experience, and the cherished faith, of every existing Christian, render such a

doctrine credible? Nay, how could he dare to come forward with so unnecessary a dogma? And what must have been the eloquence of that man, to persuade weak minds of a thing so complex and mysterious, or strong minds of a thing so flagrantly against reason? and all that, besides, in the very teeth of the established faith, and that faith not grounded on a tissue of silly fables, such as Christianity had to contend with, but on the true living word of the true living God? What, I say, must have been the eloquence of that man? Could that man ever be forgotten? Would that church, which has held the doctrine so sacred, and which in many places has struggled for its support even unto death, not have canonized the man? But where is even his name or memory to be found? Where was this man born, where educated, whose eloquence confounded existing faith, quelled reason, and defied philosophy? Yet this man was able to extend this strange, new, unprofitable, revolting, hard doctrine—which even Christ's hearers fled from as a thing too hard to be endured—not through a district only, or even through a kingdom, but to the whole multitude of Christians from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same! And no one is known to have opposed his doctrine

either by word of mouth or by writing, but all peaceably and unanimously embraced it! No mention is made in history, sacred or profane, of any the least stop it had, or of the smallest contradiction made anywhere against it, or of the slightest umbrage, upon the score of novelty or strangeness. Nay, no mention is made of the country where this most strange, new, and unnatural doctrine first commenced. The man who invented, broached, and promulgated this so universal heresy, and the place where it was first uttered, are alike buried in oblivion! Yet behold! all on a sudden the whole of Christendom—as all learned men well know—both in the east and in the west, both those who left us, as the Georgians, Grecians, Abyssinians, Ethiopians, all of them who could be called Christians, everywhere firmly believe, everywhere profess and confess, the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, and fall on their knees to adore him. Is it possible, that in a point so hard to believe as this is, so many, and so different in customs, manners, education, interests, opinions, in local beliefs; so distant from one another as to place and affections, in reasoning and in practices, should yet all be as one, and nobody can tell *when*? Could so great a thing as this,—a thing

which is now held so important *in its excessive evil*, as to be of itself sufficient heresy whereby to damn all who profess it, and is the chief ground of that cruel persecution we have been and are subjected to,—be embraced upon the persuasion of one man? Yet done so silently, that no one single writer should be found to record who that omnipotent person was, or by what means he could possibly effect so wonderful an event? Why, it is of such monstrous incredibility, that had it never happened and been *imagined* (though even that is barely possible) by a modern novel-writer, there is not a boarding-school miss who would not cry shame at such an attempt upon the credence of man. Whence then could this universal acceptance of this faith come, but from the apostles who received it from the lips of Christ himself? How could it possibly have any other beginning, since we have no record whatever of its having at any period been thought a new doctrine? But coming in with first Christianity, you cannot wonder to see all Christendom embrace it. Surely this statement carries in its face plain, ordinary, unsophisticated sense. Whatever mystery there may be in the doctrine, there is certainly none in this history of its universal acceptance. What then was the

impression fresh on the minds of the apostles? Most undoubtedly that by which we have ever since been guided. And though it be a doctrine containing so many difficulties, yet being proposed as a part of Christian faith, with all those powerful motives which first moved people to become Christians, you cannot wonder to see those who received Christianity receive also this vital, fundamental belief. Whereas, if they had at first received the Protestant figurative reading of the authoritative texts, assuredly on the first proposing of this daring novelty, some person in some one corner of Christendom would have opened his mouth and said, 'We cannot adore that for God, which the whole torrent of antiquity, from Christ down to us, hath taught to be bread, as also our senses tell us. Had this been an object of adoration, the apostles, and those who were taught by them, would have taught us so; or at least somewhere, from some mouth, we should have heard a hint of that which is by much too new to be a fact, even if it did not in its whole construction run counter to common sense.'

"Can any rational man imagine, that in all Christendom there was neither grace enough nor wit enough for this remark, this proper re-

monstrance, supposing your construction of the texts in question to be correct? And certainly, at the time of its promulgation, no more was required than such a remark, to have overthrown, or at least to have rendered what is a fundamental and essential principle, a mere sectarian dogma. The pertinacity and obstinacy, as you term it, of the Romish church, is proverbial, and against a novelty so notorious and so absurd, how much would not have been written,—how much would not have been cited in councils, either general, national, or provincial? Surely then some *small* notice would have been taken of these oppositions, debates, and councils. If *you* are so backward to believe what did exist, what must have been the reluctance of those to whom it was entirely new? And this proves how very unlikely it is that the thing could have been imposed on mankind as a new discovery. No; it must have been incorporated in the first acceptance of our faith, as it came fresh from the hands of Christ. I shall give you a note of all the texts on which we build our faith, and which indeed are known to the most ignorant. Christ was so very far from declaring himself to speak figuratively, and was by all so clearly understood to speak literally,

that not only those who were disaffected towards him, but his very disciples, on hearing him, said, 'This saying is hard, and who can believe it?' And all this happened, though even then he told them, that 'the words he spoke were spirit and life.' These words ought to have confirmed this belief in the reality of his consecrated bread being indeed joined with the divinity, which was able of its omnipotency to give them his flesh to eat like bread, and his blood to drink like wine; but there not being faith enough for that high point, 'from that time many, *even* of his disciples, went back and walked no more with him.' You may see from this how hard that doctrine would have sounded to the church, if its founder had not himself delivered it; since even from *his own living mouth* it found so small acceptance amongst his disciples. 'Jesus therefore said to the twelve, will you also depart? Peter answered, We believe and know thou art the Son of God.' Now to what end had either this been said, or Christ, the lover of souls, permitted all these many disciples to go back to their ruin, and now to walk no more with him, when he had merely to say, 'I speak metaphorically,—I speak by figure,—it is not my *real* body and blood; but these for many cen-

turies are to be shown forth by bread and wine. Be not alarmed; leave me not. I have all along spoken in parables; why then be alarmed?' In that land of figures and allegory, it was far more needful to warn them against mere signs than against veritable reality. But no such thing—they were allowed to depart, even at the risk of eternal damnation; for Christ could not trifle with truth. Peter, with his usual warmth, seems fretted that his master should be misunderstood; and hence he expresses a warm and explicit belief in Christ's divinity, as at John vi. 68 and 69, in that tone of confidence which implies a certainty of his being able to do even this strange and hardly to be credited thing. 'We believe and know that thou art the Son of the living God.' Hence able to do all things.

"Nothing can more effectually prove the absolute essentiality of the doctrine than the circumstance of Christ suffering his proselytes to depart. We must suppose one of three things to be the case before we can adopt the Protestant reading:—Either that Christ wished to try their faith by an incredible assertion, or else that he was guilty of an oversight, or that he was careless. I declare it is with awe

that I speak thus familiarly; but one of these must inevitably be the case. In either of these the Evangelists must have felt it incumbent upon them to explain this mystery, and to say explicitly what was to be eaten and drank; instead of which, in narrating Christ's history, they still give Christ's words and injunction in the same express terms. St Paul expressly follows up the same intimation, and declares, that by eating or drinking unworthily, the result is eternal damnation. St Luke must have been particularly to blame, in increasing the scandal by expressing so clearly and literally, 'This is my body which is given for you. This chalice is the New Testament in my blood, which chalice shall be shed for you.' I say 'which chalice,' that is, 'that which is contained in the chalice,' shall be shed for you. Now wine was not shed for us, but his true blood. His true blood therefore was the thing contained in the cup. For though by the Latin or English words we cannot tell whether Christ said his blood should be shed for them, or the chalice, or cup, yet St Luke, writing in Greek, makes it evident to all who know that language, that he said the 'chalice shall be shed for us;' for he speaks in the nominative case, by a word

which cannot agree with the blood, which in Greek is the dative.

We are next accused of Idolatry. If it is admitted, as I think I have proved, that the church which Peter planted in Rome is the true visible church, it then follows, that idolatry could not exist in it, because it is expressly said in Isa. ii. 8, Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c. that idolatry cannot be found in the true church. But I shall not go over the same proofs that there is no other true church, nor again ask you where it was or is; for to talk of 1500 years being lost to mankind, is a reproach or insult to the sacrifice that was made; and to look for it amongst the scattered, disjointed, headless tribes which have arisen, is to look for stability in a vane. Therefore, this being the true church, idolatry could have no place in it, else the prophets of old prophesied in vain.

“ But what do you say against our torrent of Scripture? Do you counteract our texts by texts from the sacred book? By no means. You ground yourselves not in Scripture, but in philosophy; which, tried by Scripture, will be found to fail in every point. You object, that the same body of Christ cannot be multiplied so often. *Cannot!* Strange, that the term should be applied to that wherein is the finger of God!

We answer that childish objection out of Genesis:—‘ Our Lord God made a sleep,’ &c. &c.; ‘ and the Lord God built the rib which he took of Adam into a woman.’ I ask, how many times over must this rib have been multiplied, before a whole woman, of a comely, proper stature, could be made up of it? Have you forgotten, or do you philosophize away, the five barley loaves with which Christ fed five thousand people? Philosophy, indeed, by a flat denial, sets aside the miracles recorded in Scripture; but it has been baffled by the first grand miracle of a first existence. This, however, is a digression from, though very closely connected with, the main subject. It is worth noting, that our Saviour performed the miracle immediately before his first declaration of this strange doctrine; as if, when he should divulge what seemed so impossible, he had meant to prepare their minds by a miracle of certainly the most stupendous order. And, need we any farther proof of the amazing incredulity of man, and his amazing hardness of heart, than that after having just witnessed a thing so entirely beyond evidence, they should doubt and even forsake Christ? And this is a farther proof of the impossibility of any mortal man foisting upon

nearly one hundred millions of persons so extraordinary a dogma, even if we could get over all the other accidents of not knowing this man's birth-place, his name, his education, and place of first promulgation. What an amazing eloquence that must have been, which could persuade so many millions of persons to believe that, and to act upon it, which human divinity, after exhibiting divine power, partially failed in! It is for *us* to find a lesson of persevering patience in the off-falling of his disciples; and for *you*, a strong one of modest diffidence, together with a defiance of human vanity; for, behold! while Christ was yet before their eyes, while the stupendous miracle was yet fresh in their memories, with an admitted full sense of its vastness, yet they doubt! Well, then, may we pity your doubting; and, from my inmost soul, I pity it. O! yes; how many and what important consequences are involved in that doubt? Alas, alas! future times will, I fear, manifest the sad wreck of faith, religion, and morals, in consequence of a doubt which saps the very foundation of the whole fabric. And have we not seen how, in our own land, that fabric is shaken? Do we not see the sad fragments scattered here and there?—and

without a renovation of the true ancient faith, in this and other Protestant places, the small remains will be swallowed up: and where pure religion once towered its head,—nourished simple worth,—fed the poor,—comforted and housed the wretched,—we shall behold deism, atheism, and a proud but fallible philosophy. Yes; we were thought to pull tight the girths of discipline; to castigate with even an over severity even the slightest approaches to backsliding; and to guard with a narrow and jealous watchfulness that book, which, while it contains the tree of life, yet, to ignorant and uninstructed or evil-disposed minds, may be found to contain the soul's poison, as it has done to many.

“ They next object, that one body cannot be in two places at once. But if a whole Eve was made of one rib of Adam, as Scripture testifieth, surely the whole substance of that rib must have been in many places; or else Eve must have been a very little woman; or else Adam must have had very great ribs. Again, our Protestants commonly read thus: Acts iii. 21:— ‘ Whom the heavens truly must *contain* (we read *receive*) until the time of restitution of all things.’ Hence they infer, that after Christ's ascension, the heavens at all times must contain

his body. Therefore, they say, after his ascension his body cannot be on earth. This their own text shall confute them in. The heavens must at all times, after his ascension, *contain* his body; but after his ascension the earth did also *contain* his body; therefore his body can be contained in two distant places. And if in two, why not in three;—if in three, why not in three hundred thousand? Did not Christ appear in his own true body to St Paul? See Acts ix. 5—17. Does not St Paul number himself amongst those who with their own eyes had seen Christ risen again in his own true body? It is by reason of this his appearance to St Paul, that he proves Christ's resurrection in a true, not a phantastical body, as some heretics would have it, thereby seeking to overthrow the doctrine of the body's true resurrection; for what will human folly not seek to do? It is, I say, through the medium of this actual appearance that Paul seeks to strengthen and corroborate the testimony of others; and after enumerating those who had seen him, he clinches the whole with, 'and last of all, seen also of me.' That is, in his true body; for Paul's object here was, to prove the resurrection of dead bodies; for presently he adds, 'How do certain amongst you

say there is no resurrection of the dead? But it is hardly needful to point out the various corroborative texts, as at Acts xxii. 14; and at Acts xxiii. 11. In this last, you see the actual appearance of Christ, with his command to testify of him at Rome as at Jerusalem. To me it seems absurd to adduce these texts in proof of Christ's miraculous powers; and indeed I shudder, as if treating too familiarly of so sacred a subject. And O! what fearfully blasphemous things have been brought forward, in order to cast ridicule upon this, to *us*, so sacred a subject! I have heard, but indeed I tremble while about to repeat the words,—that a Protestant, once preaching against transubstantiation, in treating of the non-identity of Christ's body with the host, brought forward,—though I scarcely see how such an application could be forced,—the metaphysical argument of a stocking being darned until the original texture could nowhere be found; and, finding that this shocking blasphemy was relished,—for his poor deluded hearers did nearly acclaim, as if in a theatre,—he waxed so bold as to —; indeed, I pray to God to forgive me, yet for edification, to shew the exceeding wantonness of Protestants, I may repeat it,—he proceeded to say, that in case of

losing the Pyx, a priest might be said to lose Christ out of his pocket ! You may well shudder ; and I am glad to see that you were not aware of the lengths, the unholy, sacrilegious lengths, to which your people have gone. Yes, and would you believe it, for the story is well authenticated, there was a hum of approbation even greater than before !

“ ‘ Lastly,’ says my simple, plain, unsophisticated text-book, ‘ they object that so great a body cannot be in so small a compass as a little piece of bread !’ This again is so puerile, that I almost blush to seek to refute it ; for assuredly, to speak after a human fashion, the thing is impossible ; but do we so speak ? However, we still again bring Scripture to answer for us : in Matt. xix. 26, we find speech made of the great body of a camel passing through the eye of a needle. ‘ With man, this is impossible.’ Can there be anything more unequivocal than this ? ‘ Yet with God all things are possible.’ I repeat, I am ashamed to argue a case which is so plain ; and I cannot think it possible, that with those who are in some sense in the faith, such arguing is needful. My fear is, that *vain* philosophy is working its way to a far greater extent than we actually see ; and that some little

shame leads Protestants still to keep on a kind of cloak,—a sort of seeming,—but that within all is rank, devilish, fearful, and destructive infidelity.

“ I speak not of such as you,” said Mr Ashburn, changing his tone and laying down his book, “ who, without reading what we have said and are saying on the subject, take all for granted and believe as they are desired; but I speak of those who, after a Scripture fashion, and in a logical manner, try to condemn us. Can it be, that such are only Humes, Gibbons, Voltaires, in disguise? Assuredly these philosophers, or rather sophisters, could not have better champions; for those who have partially sapped Catholicity, have done more by a million times for the overthrow of Christianity, than all, yea, the most able of infidels, have been able to achieve. But let us see what farther my text-book advances. It says, ‘ As God can extend a small body, as in the case of Adam’s rib, so he can diminish a large one.’ Thus, in John xx. 19, ‘ When the doors were shut where the disciples were gathered together, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst.’ Now do you suppose that an aperture was made for Christ’s admission into this room? Indeed, from

the pains that are taken to let us know that the doors were shut, and assigning a reason, which intimates that they could not be opened at the will of a stranger, it appears evidently the wish of John to intimate that Christ's entry was in a miraculous manner. Now, as it is proved that Christ's body was in two places at the same time, by your own text; that he *continued* in heaven after his ascension; so we have here proved that Christ's body was capable of such unusual modes of egress and regress, as plainly to shew that no ordinary calculation can be brought to bear upon it.

"And now," said Mr Ashburn, "I fear I have tired you; tomorrow I shall speak of your next great objection — administering in one kind."

CHAPTER XIII.

“ My book says, you complain (meaning the Protestants) that we take away one-half of the sacrament from you; and we complain that you have taken five from us, and grace from all the seven. And as for this sacrament, you have taken both the body and blood of our Saviour from it and left only bread and wine. Had we taken away *only wine*, there would have been no great robbery, wine being nothing but wine. As to the real purpose, we have a full and perfect sacrament, when we have such an outward sign as signifieth and containeth invisible grace. The consecrated bread alone doth this; in this, therefore, we have a full, perfect, and complete sacrament. Christ speaks clearly, ‘ I am the bread of life,’ &c. John vi. 48: ‘ If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.’ Behold as full an effect of the sacrament as is anywhere promised to both kinds. And he being living

bread, you have *all* in him, and so you are deprived of nothing. He gave us his living body, not his dead inert flesh, in which there was no blood. You take both from us in both; we give both in one, for a living body contains blood as well as flesh; therefore in *one*, you have both; as witness St Paul's testimony, 1 Cor. xi. 27: 'Therefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink this chalice of our Lord, unworthily, he is guilty of the body and blood of our Lord;' which he could not be, if he did not receive both body and blood; so that by *either* eating or drinking both are received. Twice Christ, with his own hands, gave the communion; first, at the last supper, under both kinds; secondly, at the village of Emaus, under one kind only. For the text plainly intimates that it was the dispensation of the sacramental rite, inasmuch as the eyes of the disciples were not opened until they had eaten under that mysterious form. And is not an especial effect of grace here manifestly set forth, as if it had actually been foreseen that cavilling would take place as to the real presence? 'Their eyes were holden that they did not know him.' But lo! the moment they eat of the blessed bread, their eyes were opened. You object, 'Drink

ye 'all of it.' *But this command was given to such as were prototypes of all succeeding true and properly commissioned priests.*

"I am glad," said Mr Ashburn to Florence, "that you seem so well satisfied with what I have read and said, for this book does not exactly contain all I have uttered, and I hope such things as it has stirred up in me, do no discredit to the good and able man who, after God, is my leader in these arguments. Indeed, my dear young lady, I saw from the first that your mind was highly predisposed in our favour; but as your mother seemed more than indifferent to the great cause, I rejoice,—believe me, with a deep and earnest joy, such a joy as perhaps you cannot comprehend,—to see by her eye that the spirit of justice is moved within her. Nay, you need not reply; yours is a speaking face, and my penetration, though I am a heavy, dull-looking man, is of the keenest. Who, like ourselves, are accustomed to read the soul in the face? Who, like ourselves, have so strong, so habitual an interest in all that passes in these souls? Ours is not the gaze of worldly suspicion or of idle curiosity. It is, where we have the right, or where we may take an interest, the soul-searching recognition. It is that which leads us to

read what would elude our reproof, or to draw forth that which is willing, but yet trembles to be disclosed. Yes, I rejoice to see that you more than doubt whether you have hitherto been mistaken; and that you more than feel,—that you recognise with your judgment, the claims of God upon you as a thinking and accountable being.”

Mrs Stanhope did feel the dawnings of what his ardent imagination made legible in her face; but tremblingly afraid of coming within the sphere of enthusiasm, and persuaded of a mercy which she had never sought to define, she contented herself with allowing Mr Ashburn to continue satisfied with his powers of penetration; nor indeed was he altogether mistaken, for she certainly felt herself at least staggered upon the points he had been discussing, finding it impossible, after consulting the texts, to deny that they thoroughly supported Catholics in what he had yet advanced.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUNDAY intervened, and again they were drawn by mutual but silent consent to Mr D'Alembert's. The subject was the mass, or rather he made it his subject, for it did not necessarily belong to the day. In treating of it, he often mentioned the word *sacrifice* as being in close connection with the ceremony of the mass; but as he was addressing a people who understood the subject, he spoke in allusion merely, without throwing any light upon it, yet talked of such a sacrifice as an absolute essential in Christianity.

"Sacrifice!" said Mrs Stanhope again and again; "What sacrifice? Had he used the term in his first discourse we heard him utter, when we were required to put out an eye, or to cut off a hand, it would have been comprehensible; but this seems to have some connection with the last supper."

"If farther proof were needful," said Florence, "of Protestant presumption, our present

ignorance affords it. We know not even the terms of the Catholic service, and yet we condemn *it* and *them en masse*. Mother, there is a temerity, a forward recklessness, in this condemnation, which is revolting to ordinary humanity. Luther and Calvin, and a few others, *may* have been excusable; they knew the subject; but we are not excusable in this outcry, unless we know it. We rely entirely on the testimony of mere mortal men, and start with horror at the name of Catholic. I remember when in Scotland—I am sure you must recollect—a very beautiful young lady came into the assembly-room at Perth; everybody was struck with admiration; every one was anxious to get near the elegant creature; when a lady whispered, ‘She’s a Catholic.’ ‘Poor thing!’ said one; ‘What a pity!’ said another; and this was continued until an old lady said, with a deep sigh, and in a snivelling tone, ‘It is indeed a pity: but perhaps there is salvation for a Catholic; at least we may hope so.’ I felt indignant at the old woman; but still I imagined, until the day on which I first heard Mr D’Alembert, that there must be something frightful, dark, and mysterious in all that was connected with Popery. I think, mother, there has

been a fate in my hearing so much of that religion."

"My dear Florence, you have not heard more than others, but some minds have a singular disposition towards religious discussion; and, mark me, I think such a disposition invariably a misfortune."

"Why?"

"Because it never can produce good, and has in ten thousand cases produced incalculable evil. It is strange that minds, certainly not dissimilar, should feel so diametrically opposite on a subject of such importance. I shrink from all religious disputation, but have no dislike to any other; while your mind absolutely seems to be in waiting for such occasions. I am sure, I have never cherished the inclination in you."

"No; but I will explain the matter. I have often seen you melancholy; have often heard you express yourself with deep feeling, as to the want of anything in this life to satisfy the cravings of the human mind. I had heard it said that God made nothing in vain. Yet you often averred that life was a mere fatuus dream, and the two assertions seemed a contradiction of each other. If, thought I, there is nothing in life to fill the human mind, it was made in vain,

and the opinion that God made no useless object is false ; yet such an opinion is so consistent with the divine character, that one cannot help thinking it true. About two years ago, when Mr Brown was drawling out his sermon, I thought, how wearisome is this ! I wish there were no churches. But instantly my conscience checked me, and I was convinced, that if homage or respect is due from one rank to another, from the miserable beggar up to the court that a noble pays to his king, how much more to God ? My mind dwelt on this for a long time. I remembered your expressions, and I became satisfied that it is in the service of God that the mind must find its true, genuine, sustaining food. But while I felt absolutely assured of this, I felt equally assured that my own unassisted devotion was not sufficient for itself. Where was I to find assistance ? You cared not for the subject, and our pastor exhibited a specimen of indifference which seemed to verify the truth of your assertions. When we went north, I heard much of religion. But in all the Scotch places of worship my feelings told me there was something wanting. Some churches were absolutely mean, and in the best, all of splendour was for the creature, there was

nothing for the Creator. All in respect to him was naked, and without so much as a reference to God or to his Son. If for one moment a greater energy in the preacher roused my attention, and made me hope that *here* were better things, in the next, I saw too much of the individual man, and again I sunk into a sort of constrained apathy; for still my mind craved for what I had not yet found. But the whole air and appearance of the Catholic church struck me as being like a true temple of the true God; and —— but you know the rest; only I have this to say, that I have felt far more than I have expressed. Yet, probably the previous train of thinking to which I had been liable, made me more than usually alive to what I saw and heard there.”

“Very possibly,” said Mrs Stanhope: “but although I think the Catholics are injured, and although I admit that there is much more of that which is calculated to fill and satisfy the mind than elsewhere,—for while it is in a mortal frame it will seek tangible aids,—yet I see no need for your being their champion, or for your thinking that true religion is to be found only in the Catholic church.”

“I do not absolutely say so; but if no other

stir up in my mind all that is essential to it, all that I find convincing that indeed God has made nothing in vain, surely I may be indulged in a choice, where the freedom of choice is deemed essential to a free subject of a land whose boast is its liberty."

At that moment they arrived at their own door, where they found Miss Jessy M'Fee ready to ring.

"I am come," said she, "to go to the chapel, as they ca' them here, for my aunt says the folk will wonder that I have on a dress that's ower late or ower soon, I dinna ken which, for she confuses me wee sae mony things; and I said I wad gang to somebody that had mair sense; and she's awfeu' angry; but I dinna care."

Mrs Stanhope did not feel by any means comfortable under the notion of being a resort to Miss Jessy when she was in a state of rebellion towards her aunt, who, it would appear, was also her protector; and she resolved to argue the young lady (who might be from twenty-four to twenty-eight years of age) into obedience; and therefore, in a kind tone, she said, "I think your aunt must be a good judge of custom and fashion in a place where she has lived for some years; and although there is no

real harm in wearing a muslin instead of a cloth pelisse, yet people are apt to smile at what is unusual; and besides, I should fear that in so cold a day as this, you must be apt to catch cold." Mrs Stanhope added some farther remarks about her aunt's obvious anxiety for her comfort, and such other things as people say on occasions when they wish to be particularly sensible and conciliating; and which, by the bye, are generally said, as in the present case, from some interested motive. But Mrs Stanhope spoke to empty air; not the pretended deaf man in 'Peregrine Pickle' was more apparently unconscious than was Miss Jessy.

"That was made o' my sister Margaret's hair, and that was made o' Nancy's," said she, holding out her arms, and pointing to her bracelets: "they had beautifeu' hair; the taen was black, jeet black, and the t'other was bonny bright brown; but mine was the bonniest. But it's never been sae lang since my aunt clippet it. I whiles think she bewitched it. No doubt, I was very poor, but I never saw her shilling. My mother said she wad never forgie her, and neither will I. It was awfeu' wicked."

Mrs Stanhope again felt her curiosity excited about the cutting off Miss Jessy's hair, but she

now knew that interrogation always drove her thoughts into a new channel, and she resolved on letting the matter take its course. But a long silence succeeding, Mrs Stanhope thought she would try the mode which had before moved her; and drawing her fingers through Miss Jessy's still luxuriant locks, she said, "It is indeed beautiful."

"Yes, it's very pretty. I was joust fifteen whun she clippet it. She did na think my uncle wad leave his siller to me than, and that was the wy. I was puir Jessy than; but, my sang, she wad gie a' the hairs o' her ain head now, that she had na punished me that gate."

"I don't think," said Mrs Stanhope, aside to her daughter, "that we should take our friend to the Catholic chapel with us."

"I wish it much," said Florence, in a low voice. "Do indulge me."

"I have done nothing else for some time, Florence: God grant it may be for good."

During this under-toned conversation, Miss Jessy was busily engaged in her usual way, of drawing the fingers of her right hand through her left, as it lay on her knee.

"I will not do it," said she.

"Do what?" replied Mrs Stanhope.

“He’s no ugly though; but it’s yen o’ the faces that I hate in a minute.”

“Who is it you speak of?” said Florence, eagerly.

“I stole a lang lock of my ain hair, and I set off on my feet, and I never halted but whun I sleepit, and they say its two hundred miles to Edinburgh; and I never was tired; and I never fand the grund aneath my feet. My mother said it was anger that keepit me up. Mercy! whun I took off my bonnet, and then a little mutch that I had bought on the road, my mother clappit her hands, and screamed; and then I showed her the lang lock, and then I told her my story. Poor body, how she cried, and how she kissed me, and how she lamented my lang journey; but after a while, she said, ‘Jessy, my puir Jessy!’ She often said that; I wonder what for, because the rest were a’ as puir as me; but she said ‘It’s no ye’er hair, that I’m grieved about; it will grow, and if it never grow, it’s only vanity; but it’s the affront, to charge my poor child with stealing, and to presume to punish her at her ain hand, and in such a manner!’ My mother never smiled after, till she saw me independent, and then she died; and they a’ died yen after another but me; and

I grew richer and richer, and then my uncle said he was my tutor, and then I came here. But, no—I'll not speak about it at present—Yes I will—I like a face, or hate a face in a single moment, and the world canna change me."

Here she betook herself to rubbing her left hand, and a repast coming in, the current of her thoughts seemed entirely changed. But when they rose to set off for chapel, she took Mrs Stanhope's hand in her own, and looking earnestly in her face, said, "I'm coming to live with you."

"With me!"

"Yes, my uncle's daft, and my aunt's cruel, whun she daur, and greedy aye." She continued to hold Mrs Stanhope's hands, and for once her thoughts seemed steady to a point.

"I fear," said Mrs Stanhope, "it is impossible yon can live with me: what would your aunt think?"

Miss Jessy quitted her hands, and placing herself in a chair, laughed heartily for at least a minute. Perhaps the wisdom of Solomon, or of a Dr Johnson, could not have felt easy under the ridicule of even an idiot. Mrs Stanhope looked abashed and foolish, and it was not

without a strong sensation of shame that she awaited the restored gravity of Miss Jessy, who, after wiping her eyes, said, "That was like my aunt. I'm coming the morn."

"My dear Miss Jessy," said Mrs Stanhope, "I do not need to care about what your aunt thinks, but she would say that I had —— in short, if you were poor, you should live with me; for indeed I am flattered by your partiality, for we all cling with fondness to affection; and I should delight to supply to you that maternal love which I know is so precious to the heart of a child; but it cannot be."

Jessy seemed incapable of following this train of reasoning, which was in part only implied, but clung with pertinacity to her own plan; and without the least reference to Mrs Stanhope's objections, she said, "I'll come the morn; for the moment I saw your face, I was sure always to like you."

"Come," said Florence, "we shall be too late; leave the whole to chance: nobody knows what even an hour may bring forth."

On hearing the sound of the organ, Miss Jessy whispered to Mrs Stanhope, beside whom she had placed herself, "You go to the High Church!" The phrase being entirely Scotch,

Mrs Stanhope had not the least idea, that by the term *high* was meant the Church of England, and she naturally concluded that Presbyterians probably gave a sort of mock superiority to what, she could not deny, at *least* appeared to be the chief among Christian churches. Therefore, when Mr D'Alembert knelt, and used the incense, Miss Jessy started up, and in a tone of horror said, almost aloud, "Where am I?"

Mrs Stanhope was at once astonished and terrified. She had at all times a thrilling fear of giving offence, and was on this occasion even more impressed than the usual attendants with the still and awful reverence which was expected. To them it was second nature, and there seemed neither exaction nor compliance; but with her, all was yet new, and her heart beat if by any chance she made the slightest noise. The effect of Miss Jessy's question was instantaneous sickness, with scarcely a perception of where she was. In a pew sitting before them, there was a slight inclination to turn round, and of those behind she could take no note, for she had already learned to avoid looking back, having received a severe menacing look from the sexton upon using the privilege of a Protestant, the first or second day of her attendance.

Florence laid her hand upon Miss Jessy's, and whispered, "You must not speak or move."

She endeavoured to obey, but on Mr D'Alembert continuing to kneel and pray with his face to the altar, she rose, and forcibly passed Florence. Mrs Stanhope's agitation was now very painful, for on the forenoon of the same day, Mr D'Alembert had given a public rebuke to those who came in late or withdrew before the close of the service, ordering his sexton at the same time to let no person out, excepting upon the plea of indisposition, and not even then, without taking down the person's name. Under such circumstances, neither of the ladies could follow, and it is probable that Miss Jessy's obdurate silence, as she never by any chance answered a question, was her passport, for we merely know that she made her escape.

"Now," said Florence, on reaching home, "I told you it was impossible to foresee the effect of chance; I think it likely you will hear no more of Miss Jessy's desire to live with us."

"I wish you may be right, and yet, as I said before, I should have pleasure in protecting her, since mine is one of her honoured faces; and

since her own, in spite of her idiocy, is really a pretty one. Her love for her mother too, and her disjointed but natural account of her mother's partiality for her, are all very touching; and believe me, I could have wept over her, when I saw her heart swell as she spoke of holding up her lock of hair to her pitying and mortified parent. But I suppressed my sympathy, for I do not wish to encourage her to come much here."

"Why?"

"Because no possible good can come of it. You know how invariably all I do is misrepresented, and as she is rich, it would be said that I had cajoled her from her natural guardians. Besides, I should not like to be always near a person who could move only my compassion and pity."

"You would soon cease to pity her."

"How is it possible that I should?"

"Mere use."

"I should not like to have the feelings she excites lessened by use, and learn perhaps to smile at what is pitiable. And there is another consideration; if your aunt pay us a long visit she would taunt and sneer at her, or, as it is called, quiz her—excuse the compliment to our-

selves; but it is only people of sense who can treat intellectual weakness properly. For instance: look around you in a room full of company where there are children, and you will always see that silly persons treat them like inferiors, and sensible people like equals."

"But how can you treat a person like Miss Jessy as an equal?"

"Do it at least as far as possible. Never give her occasion to feel that she has those deficiencies which she cannot possibly correct."

"As to my aunt," said Florence, more intent on her wish to have Miss Jessy as an inmate than attentive to her mother's advice, "she is already little at home, and her acquaintances are increasing so rapidly that she will soon be less so."

"Very true; but they must meet occasionally, and I could not sit by with temper, and see one who has only less reason, and who does not abuse that which she has, turned into ridicule."

"Poor thing! she fortunately has not sense enough to abuse the little she has. I don't wonder at the ignorant people who idolise and worship innocent idiots; for seeing no vice, and perhaps having a vague idea that there are some extraordinary but hidden qualities in the poor natural, they give a tribute, which I think has

something sublime in it, to the mere absence of crime. But to imitate Jessy in recurring after a long interval to something I was about to say, I was going to remark when we first met her, that when we were at Leeds, I had been much struck with the crazy woman who took such a fancy to you. It seemed as if her brain had suffered from a sudden concussion, and was scattered into fragments, as dissimilar as they were disjointed. Here a heap of rubbish—there a piece of marble—here mere dust—there a gem. So it seems with this poor Jessy. Observe the delicacy which made her revolt from even preparing an article of food for any one but the only individual who had entirely loved her. Recollect how she shrunk even from you, when she suspected that you rejoiced in her wealth, merely because it was wealth; and several other instances of intellect, which are rendered inefficient, not because her brain wants all the materials, but because they are ill-arranged. We have all our rubbish, dust, and granite, and are indebted to a more kindly chance for their being so disposed as to produce a preponderance of wisdom. I declare, what with digging among the rubbish for something valuable, and having

the pleasure of hearing unvarnished veracity, I should find her a most desirable inmate."

"Nay, it is needless, or rather impossible to dig, for the moment you ask a question, or aim at something consecutive, Jessy is done. As you and I always speak truth to each other, I will say, that if I were a foolishly fond mother, I would call your taste a proof of originality; but truth obliges me to declare, that I think there is something depraved in such a taste. Why not rather seek for a whole stratum of marble, and a whole bed of diamonds?"

"My dear mother, you have taught me to cherish those who need us, not to court those who have whole territories. It may be a species of depravity, but I have so much of the savage about me, as to make me feel as if I did God a service in being kind to those whom nature has placed far below the mighty in wisdom."

"But she needs not your kindness; I suppose her wealth is equal to ours."

"My dear mother, that is not like you. Does she not want, and greatly, the succour of the mind? Was she not a butt at her uncle's table, and was there not every symptom of her being considered as a mere idiot? Besides,

she hinted at a dislike to some one—I shudder to think of her being the victim of some mercenary wretch; and as God seems to have endowed her with a kind of instinctive skill in physiognomy, I have no doubt, that where she hates, it is with reason.”

“Probably you are right in your conjectures about her; at all events, you are actuated by an honourable compassion; however, on this point I am immovable; but I dare say our supposed Popery will save us from any farther solicitation. She seemed almost convulsed with horror when she became satisfied that she was in a Romish place of worship.”

“And can you desire a better proof of the most unjust aspersions under which these people lie? Here is a creature who knows nothing of them but the name, and yet that alone is sufficient for the most determined hatred—just such a hatred as would instigate a mob.”

The conversation now diverged into the Romish service and doctrines, when the ladies had recourse to such books as they possessed, which were not few, but they looked in vain for any *perpetual* sacrifice, which could possibly be expatiated upon as an absolute essential in christianity. They deemed it dishonourable to

open any of the books Mr Ashburn had left, for he had said in his decided manner, "These are not to be touched until I am ready for them;" and although it is likely he meant no prohibition, yet they held his slightest negative on the subject equal to a command. As Florence laid down the last Protestant book of at least ten, she said, "Whatever else we may be doubtful of, we may be perfectly assured as to our own profound ignorance; and I suspect the ignorance of some of these dictionary-makers, else why have they passed by the word in silence, as referring to any sacrifice after that of Christ? Here are four dictionaries and two encyclopedias, and no notice whatever of such a sacrifice."

"Such ignorance is scarcely conceivable; I rather suppose, that as much as possible it is the wish of Protestant writers to throw an utter oblivion over the minutiae of Popery, in order that in being forgotten, women and children may not be induced to look even into their places of worship, lest, like us, they should be attracted to continue an attendance, which is held fatal to salvation."

"You admit that Protestants think so."

"Certainly. If they did not, why such a careful drawing down of the veil betwixt us?"

“Then wherein do we differ? It is that very intolerance, as it is called, in Papists, which I have heard Protestants rail against.”

“I don’t know, and I am sure I once hoped never to care; but let us suspend the whole until we see Mr Ashburn.”

CHAPTER XV.

MR ASHBURN did not fail to appear next day at twelve o'clock, when Mrs Stanhope stated the difficulty, and indeed utter impossibility, of comprehending what Mr D'Alembert meant, respecting a perpetual and never-ending sacrifice upon the Christian altar, as long as this mortal life should continue.

Mr Ashburn looked at both ladies with unfeigned astonishment, while they quailed a little; for, notwithstanding his kindness and the good qualities in him which they had actually witnessed, still he was a Catholic priest! And who that has read even modern romances or tales, does not see in such, a veiled monster? Who that has heard them preached and prayed against, does not behold in them the ready, the hired, the paid pander of the most corrupt mistress?

"If," said he, "I did not know the earnest sincerity of you, Florence, and the moral dignity of you, Mrs Stanhope, I should fancy that,

in the vulgar language of fashionable witlings, you are both quizzing: for it appears incredible that two well-educated persons should actually be ignorant of what we deem, after the great living sacrifice of Christ, the very ground-work and essence of our church; more especially as all we do, with the exception of confession and penance, is as open as the sun in the firmament. From some remarks which you have made previous to this, one would suppose that our chapel doors were locked against all strangers; and really, as an honest man, I do not know whether to rejoice in, or to lament over Protestant ignorance. Were it that stupid, inert ignorance, which folds its hands, and, with an apathetic gaze, says, ‘I am not acquainted with the subject; it no way concerns me; I have scarcely ever heard of it,’ &c.; it would, though pitiable, be excusable. But here are tenets which are at this moment agitating all the minds of three united kingdoms, and bringing anathemas upon at least eight millions of persons, besides evils which are much more afflicting than the empty maledictions of our enemies, yet with those tenets not one in three thousand are acquainted! Three thousand! I believe I may with truth say ten thousand—and yet these people are called protesters!”

“But,” said Florence, “would it serve your cause, or remove unfavourable prejudices, if this particular tenet were well known?”

“I am not sure that it would, and I shall tell you why. Since the days of Luther, Calvin, &c., when men began to throw off the trammels of the church, that is, to shake themselves free from her salutary restraints, they have been busily engaged in getting quit of all that they are pleased to call superstition. But where is he who can draw the line between superstition and mortal wisdom? Where is the man who can say with certainty, here the one ends, or, to speak more correctly, dissolves into empty air; and here, in all that regards spirit and matter, the other commences? It would be a most curious thing to trace the progress of doubt since the days of Calvin. Aye, and it would be a profitable thing. First, the astonished multitude of reformed, discovers that it has been deceived, hoodwinked, misled, for 1500 years! *It*, if I may be allowed to personify the people in one mass, opens wide its eyes, gazes around, draws breath, feels an unholy yet a terrified freedom, shudders, recoils, and doubts. But freedom is sweet. The air of Lutheranism, of Calvinism, and

of Knoxitism, if not wholesome, is delusive. It generates in this daily increasing body—this thing which grew into a short-lived and monstrous manhood, soon to wither in a premature old age,—a false energy, a sort of Tartar determination to cut down all that comes in the way of immediate support, without regard to old alliances or confraternities; and as quickly as possible cuts off every spiritual obligation which could impede, interrupt, or come in the way of human gratification. But it is not enough to release monks and nuns from their vows, and indulge them at once in the crime of the most appalling sacrilege, and of unbounded impurity; it is not enough to gorge the monster with the spoils of the church, but it must at one stroke be released from all that is most sacred in the sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist; chasing away the restraints and unctions involved in the other four, and, in the fifth, rendering the holy rite of matrimony a mere civil form. One would think all this might have sufficed; but this was not enough. The unholy thing was not yet satisfied. Having inhaled the pestiferous air of *conscience-liberty*, it pants for a more perfect freedom. Its eyes, which at first looked timidly

around, can now scarcely be satisfied with the gaze; they enlarge, they protrude, and seem ready to start from their sockets. Its heart, which at first fluttered with something between fear and wanton hope, now steadies itself in all the obduracy of hardened doubt, not yet knowing what precisely to *disbelieve*. But the progress is rapid. An *enlarged* intellect soon scoffs at the miracles of the church. Up, up, it marches; and if post-apostolic miracles are nonsense, why not those of an anterior date? All was then quick work—Revelation a joke—priests impostors, from Moses downwards; and unrevealed God, except in his works, is the fashion. But even that in time becomes too narrow, too confined a creed; and lo! it is the fashion to have no God at all! To such,—and the great mass of Protestants, I infer from their conduct, are such,—the doctrine of a perpetual sacrifice must be a stumbling block—nay, a mere mock; therefore its obtrusion upon their knowledge could do no good. But how can we account for Protestant ignorance on so leading a point? It can have only one source; and that is, the utmost care on the part of the first reformers—(I must use the current term, but remember, *I merely use it*) to obliterate all traces

of our faith. An intelligent Protestant once asked a Catholic friend of mine, how so entire an obliteration could possibly have taken place in the space of 300 years? The man, *though a priest*, is as simple and confiding, as he is wise and good; and he replied, ‘Because they won’t read our books.’—‘No, no,’ said she, for it was a lady, ‘that cannot be it; the first cause must have been a more actively wicked one. Some extraordinary means must have been resorted to, before the universal uses and practices of 1500 years could be swept from the public mind.’—But if you knew nothing of a sacrifice in the mass, what did you deem the mass itself?”

“Upon my word,” said Mrs Stanhope, “until I saw its celebration, I had not the most remote idea; and I can only tell you, that I was once one of eight or nine well-read Protestants,—one of them the tutor of a duke,—none of whom could tell what the Romish mass precisely is. But pray what does the word mean? First, however, answer a question which I was often on the point of asking:—What does the word Eucharist mean? or rather, are these explanations which I have collected correct?”

“Perfectly. The word in the Greek signifies *thanksgiving*, because of the thanks which our

Lord offered at its first institution; and with which we are obliged to offer and receive this great sacrament and sacrifice; 'which,' as Dr Challoner briefly has it, 'contains the abridgment of all God's wonders, the fountain of all grace, the standing memorial of our redemption, and the pledge of a happy eternity. This blessed sacrament is also called, the holy communion; because it unites the faithful with one another, and with their head, Jesus Christ.' And, by the by, I must recommend to your notice a passage in Dr Challoner's 'Catholic Christian Instructed,' &c., at page 117 of this copy, where he proves the fallacy of an objection brought against transubstantiation, from Luke xxii. and 18; by pointing out that Christ, there, clearly and explicitly alludes to the wine that was drank with the Paschal Lamb. Note, also, what he observes, at page 130, on communion in *one* kind. He says, the Catholic church did not always dispense to the laity in one kind, and may *not always* do so, this being a matter of *discipline*, not of faith. For there is an essential difference between matters of discipline and those of faith. Thus, it is an article of faith, that, under *one* kind we receive Christ *whole* and *entire*; but it is an article of discipline,

whether the eucharist be dispensed in both or in one only. For many ages, you will remark at page 129, the eucharist has been given in one kind to the laity, ‘by reason of the danger of spilling the sacred contents of the chalice.’ As you will see, when I treat of the mass, how careful the priest is in all these particulars; and how should he be otherwise, under so awful a conviction as that which pervades the Catholic mind? Observe then, at page 137 of the same book, how carefully the consecrated wafer is dispensed. No particle ever falls to the ground. The communicant, kneeling, holds up to his breast the linen which surrounds the rail before the altar; so that if but the smallest crumb should escape, it is cared for.

“Now, in reply to your question as to the meaning of the word mass, I shall read you what Dr Challoner says on the subject, which is as follows:—‘Some think this word is derived from the Hebrew word *Missach*, Deut. xvi.—which signifies a *voluntary offering*; others are of opinion, that it is derived from *Missa*, or *Missio*, that is, from the dismissal of the catechumens, and others, who were not permitted, anciently, to be present at this sacrifice. But be that as it may, the name is of very ancient

use in the church, as appears from St Ambrose and St Gregory.' Dr Challoner might have added, that the very difficulty of tracing the word to its source is a strong proof of its remote use; for ours is not, and never was, a system of obliteration; the very reverse is in your eyes one of our leading sins. Be so kind, Florence, as hand me past that small octavo in green binding, and I shall read you what Mr Des Mahis says on the same subject.—'The word mass,' says he, 'is taken from a Latin word, and which the primitive church inserted in the Liturgy, to acquaint the people that the office was finished, and that they might go away.' He adds, 'Protestants object that the word mass is not to be found in Scripture; but this remark is not only unworthy of a Christian, but of any man even half read; for many words in daily use, as referring to the most important truths of the Christian religion, are not to be found in Scripture; as, for example, that of *Sacrament*, and that of *Trinity*.' I think, however," said Mr Ashburn, "that it is always better, when a word expressly indicates the essentialities of what it is meant to represent. We very properly give proper names to stars or planets, because we do not know in them such inherent qualities as could

afford a term which would in an instant distinguish the particular star or planet from all others. Thus, for instance, to descend to very minute objects, but still the work of the Deity, what precise and scientific notion is presented to our minds by the terms, ' Brownea,' ' Brucea,' ' Coldenia,' in botany? In science, the mind should in an instant embrace something which conveys an express idea. Let us have an elegant book, with elegant specimens, as a monument to discoverers; but, in the name of common sense and of science, let words convey meaning. Now, upon this principle, with all due deference to the assertion of Des Mahis, and the admission of Dr Challoner, I cannot think that the fathers would give to so essential and so sublime an office, a name so entirely extrinsic as that coming from the mere act of dismissal. And I infer that Dr Challoner's first conjecture, and he holds it in common with others, is right; or that another definition may be correct, that is, from ' Missa;' because, in the mass, the prayers of men on earth are sent up to heaven. This, at first sight, you may deem is the case with all prayer; but we may suppose a more especial warrant or excellence in those which are accompanied by that, which

contains the essence of all *preceding* oblations ; viz. the mind's conviction of God's infinity, as formerly intimated in the Holocaust ; its entire thankfulness, as intimated in the Paschal sacrifice, which was at once an oblation and a sacrament ; and thirdly, the mind's entire humility and self-abasement, in the propitiatory or trespass offering. Alas ! how much need have we all of this—how much need of having often, and in the most impressive manner, outward and visible signs of inward grace placed before our eyes ! And now I must say, I am at a loss in what manner to proceed with you, for I am disheartened by an ignorance, which (pardon me) is monstrous. Whether we are right, or whether we are wrong, is not now (I mean at this moment) the question ; but that a large body of men and women, *protesting* against our tenets, should actually be ignorant of what they are protesting against, is dreadful. It signifies not that the time of protest has long since gone by ; it behoves them to know what *they* have abjured, and what at this time, even to this very day, *we* are suffering for as *culprits*. To my mind, there is something dishonest in this, because *you* are not only acting under the idea of a protest, but you see *us* suffering from this

protest, and yet you never exclaim as your daughter did,—‘Of what are these people guilty?’

“Let me see—here are many explications; but from which shall I chuse? However, let us first clear away all impediments. You of course know what a sacrifice is. I shall give you Dr Challoner’s definition:—‘A sacrifice, properly so called, is an oblation or offering of some sensible thing, made to God by a lawful minister, to acknowledge, by the destruction or other change of the thing offered, the sovereign power of God, and to render him the homage due to his Supreme Majesty.’

Thus you see this homage was paid in a threefold manner:—The Holocaust, in which the victim was entirely consumed, betokened our idea of God’s infinity; the Pasch, in which it was eaten, of our praise and thanksgiving; while, in the Sin or Supplicatory Offering, part was destroyed and part eaten. You understand then, that there were three sorts of sacrifices; but it is probable that it never occurred to you, that in the act of Melchisedech was prefigured an everlasting bloodless sacrifice. This sacrificer is admitted on all hands to have been an illustrious and manifest type of Christ. But as Des Mahis remarks, it has been objected by

Protestants, that the bread and wine brought out by Melchisedech was a refreshment for Abraham and his soldiers, after their fatigue. But this is asserted without any proof; and Scripture expressly says, ‘And Melchisedech king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine, for he was a priest of the most high God.’ Let me see your old Bible—yes, there, Genesis xiv. at verse 18, the words I have read from Des Mahis, but *for* changed into ‘*and* ;’ and see the marginal note, ‘For Abraham and his soldiers *refection*, and *not* to offer sacrifice. In that Melchisedech declared himself to represent a king, and in that he blessed him the high priest.’ Here is the *honest* remark of those who claim to bestow on our flocks Bibles without note or comment! Why such a comment here? And a palpably forced comment. It was *not* in his capacity of king that he blessed Abraham, but in his capacity of priest. This the annotator must have known; but it is like many of the changed and forced readings of the reformers. ‘*For* he was a priest of the Most High ;’ there was no necessity for his being a priest or sacrificer, in order to feed Abraham and his soldiers. If Abraham and his soldiers ate of this bread and wine, it was a sacred repast, similar to

those of the Israelites in sacrifices of prosperity.' This is the remark of Des Mahis. Now I might content myself with reading to you and Florence what Des Mahis and Challoner say on this important subject; but I have a strange leaning to my old author; and therefore I shall take the liberty of reading, without *note* or *comment*, every word he has written on the sacrifice of the mass. I shall merely, before I commence, read you the following passage from Dr Challoner: he says, 'the sacrifice of the mass is also mentioned in the 13th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, verse 2,—where what we read in the Protestant Testament, 'as they *ministered* to the Lord and fasted,' &c., in the *Greek original* is, as they were *sacrificing* to the Lord and fasting, the Holy Ghost said, separate me, &c. where the word which we have rendered in English sacrificing, is the *self-same* which to *this day* is used by the Greeks to express the sacrifice of the mass.'

“‘Christ, in his last supper, said,’ Luke, xxii. 19—‘Do this in remembrance of me.’ We must see then what Christ did, that we may know what is commanded here to be done. If he *did* offer his body and blood *then* in sacrifice, the church also is bound to have some ministers

doing that in remembrance of him. We say that Christ *did then* offer his body and blood in sacrifice; and we moreover say, that the doing this is the very essence of our mass. I know, as soon as Protestants hear the word ‘remembrance,’ they will object, that Christ cannot be really offered there, where the offering is done to his remembrance. I answer, that St Paul tells us what it is to do this in remembrance of Christ: ‘This do ye in remembrance of me, for as often as ye shall eat this bread and drink this chalice, you shall shew the death of our Lord until he come.’ I Corinthians, xi. 24—26. Christ here is remembered to have died for us, yet he doth not here really die again bloodily; but this unbloody sacrifice is done in remembrance of his real bloody death: it is not only in remembrance of him that we do this, but we do this in remembrance of him dying for us a bloody death upon the cross. Now his being truly present maketh the remembrance not less but more lively and perfect. For if a prince, who had gained a great battle with much loss of his blood, would have yearly some action or representation exhibited in remembrance of it, would in person be present with his wounds, acting his own part, the representation would not cease to be

a remembrance, as often as the prince should act his own part. And the year he should not do this, the recollection would be less lively, in proportion to the action being less representative. So it is in our sacrifice of the mass, wherein Christ's death and atonement are shewn forth with all that force and truth which he himself exhibited in the first mass, when he said, 'This is my body, broken for you; this is my blood, shed for you.' Now I will shew that Christ did truly *sacrifice* and offer up his body and blood under the forms of bread and wine. First, out of the Old Testament, Psal. xc. 5, it is said of Christ, 'Our Lord swore, and it shall not repent him. Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech;' which words St Paul, at Heb. v. 11, saith to have been spoken of Christ and of his priesthood. 'We have great speech (saith he) and inexplicable to utter, because you are too weak to hear.' You must therefore look for a mystery, not easily understood by new Christians. The famous priesthood in the old law was settled in Aaron and his sons, Levit. viii. they offered bloody sacrifices; and yet our Saviour is not called a priest according to the order of Aaron, but of Melchisedech, who was not so much as a

Jew. He whose descent is not counted from them, took tithe of Abraham, and blessed him that had the promises—Heb. vii. 6: which sheweth, he was a priest of higher degree than Abraham, as St Paul here proves. Let us see, now, all that the Old Testament saith of Melchisedech and his priesthood; and you will find it to be only that which is written, Gen. xiv. 18. ‘But Melchisedech, king of Salem, bringeth forth bread and wine. And he was a priest of the most high God. And he blessed (Abraham), and he gave him tithes of all.’ So unanimous is the consent of all the holy fathers who did write either upon the text of Genesis, or that of St Paul, or that of the psalm, that the priesthood of Melchisedech did consist in offering bread and wine, by way of sacrifice, to God; and that Christ being a priest according to his order, did consist in his offering up and sacrificing his body and his blood for us, under the forms of bread and wine; that to deny this, is to cross all antiquity. See the Rhemists upon these two last texts. Now, because Christ, to the end of the world, offereth still this sacrifice by his vicar’s or minister’s hands, in the sacrifice of the mass, he is said to ‘be a priest forever, after the order of Melchisedech.’ Again—Jeremiah xxxiii. 17,

‘ There shall not fail of David a *man* to *sit* upon the throne of the house of Israel. And of the priests and Levites there shall not fail from before my face a man to offer offerings, and to kindle meat-offerings, and to do sacrifice continually.’ By such sacrifices as then were known, God expressed the continuance of true sacrifice in this church; there must not then fail now Priests and Levites offering a true sacrifice. Now, as God speaks there expressly to the priests of the old law, ‘ I have no will in you, saith the Lord of Hosts, and an offering I will not receive of your hands,’ Malac. i. 10. So that the former text must needs be understood of priests offering continually sacrifices in the New Testament. But now, a clean sacrifice, not a bloody one; therefore here, in the next verse, it followeth, ‘ For from the rising of the sun, even to the going down, great is my name among the Gentiles. And in every place incense shall be offered to my name, and a pure offering;’ to wit, the pure offering and clean oblation of Christ’s body, under the shape of bread and wine, into which all these holocausts, half-burnt offerings, and more simple and pure oblations, were converted. These texts were understood in this sense by

S S. Irenæus, Cyprian, Chrysostom, Epiphanius, Jerome, Augustin, Cyril, &c."

"But," said Mrs Stanhope, "are these men infallible?"

"Not as mere men, but as men who evidently bore the high commission of such as were to preach and to teach. But that is not all; their authority, even as men of ordinary wisdom and observation, is weighty, because of their having lived so lately after Christ. Justin, who was a thorough-bred philosopher according to the best ancient systems, had applied his whole mind to the discovery of truth. By an accidental, or, it may be, a supernatural interposition, he was led to consider the authority of the prophets as paramount to all other. This led to farther investigation, which ended in his becoming a Christian; and finally, in the year 167, had the crown of martyrdom conferred upon him by Rusticus, prefect of Rome under the emperor Marcus Aurelius. In his time the Christians of Rome were charged with being atheists and with assembling in private to eat human flesh,—
'A misconception most probably,' says the biographer of Justin, 'of the blessed Eucharist.'
"St Irenæus was born in or about 120, of Christian parents, who placed him under the

care of the great St Polycarp, who taught him the 'science of religion.' He suffered martyrdom at Lyons under Severus in 202 or 208, and his remains were buried by his priest Zachary, between the bodies of the holy martyrs, Saints Epipodius and Alexander. They were kept with honour in the subterraneous chapel in the church of St John till 1562, when they were scattered by the Calvinists and a great part thrown into the river. The head they kicked about in the streets, then cast it into a little brook; but it was found by a Catholic and restored to St John's church. You cannot doubt that such early authority is of great weight. But to return to my old book. It says, 'In the very last years of the world, Antichrist, knowing the chief worship of God to consist in this sacrifice, shall so mightily labour to abolish it, that he shall seem for a short time to have prevailed. Daniel ix. 27: 'And in the half of the week shall the *Host* and the *Sacrifice* fail, and there shall be in the temple abomination of desolation.' Which last words our Saviour himself expoundeth to be understood of the end of the world, Matt. xxiv. 3. This then shall not happen until the world is even drawing to a close, and the Gospel shall have been preached every-

where. According, therefore, to the practice of the law of nature in the time of Melchisedic, and according to the practice and manifest prophecies in the written law, exterior sacrifice, which from the beginning of the world was ever held the chief and peculiar worship due to God, is also to be found in the church of Christ, 'from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same,' even till the world's end, when Antichrist for a space shall in a great part abolish it.—Let us then see the sacrifice that Christ, a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedic, did institute in his church, according to Luke xxii. 19: 'This is my body, which is given for you.' Now given in this very present time, and now by me offered in an unbloody manner; that is, not with present death. He saith, not *to you* but *for you*; that is, for your sins; which body presently after I will offer in a bloody sacrifice upon the cross.

“Behold then, in the mass, the perpetual continuance of that sacrifice which Christ instituted at once as an example, and in his character of priest, expressly saying, ‘This do in remembrance of me.’ And in fulfilment of ancient prophecy, as cited above from the Old Testament, and in obedience of Christ's last command,

the apostles were offering to our Lord, Acts xiii. 2: when in your Bible they are said to be ‘*ministering* to our Lord.’ Had they been ministering the word of God, or ministering the sacrament, they had ministered *to the people*. But they had been *ministering to our Lord*; that is, offering something to him. This, even with your own interpretation, is so obvious, that I wonder any Protestant can attempt to gainsay it.”

Here Mr Ashburn laid down the book, and said, “I hope, my dear Mrs Stanhope, and you, Florence, clearly understand what seemed so inexplicable, and what to my unspeakable amazement you had never heard of before. My author also notices what I quoted at the outset from Dr Challoner; to wit, that in the Greek text it is, ‘they being offering sacrifice to our Lord.’ And so Erasmus translates it. This sacrifice is plainly insinuated in St Paul, I Cor. 10, *if his discourse be well noted*. He there, discoursing of the Jewish and heathenish sacrifice, doth conclude, that all such persons as will be partakers of these sacrifices, cannot be made partakers of the Christian sacrifice of the body and blood of our Saviour. First, then, he bids them ‘fly from serving idols,’ by either sacrificing to them, or eating of

that which hath been sacrificed to them. If they will do this, he tells them of a far better sacrifice of which they may be made partakers at our altars: ‘For,’ saith he, verse 16, ‘the chalice of benediction, which we do bless, is it not the communication of the blood of Christ? and the bread which we break, is it not the participation of the body of our Lord? And having thus taught them, that by virtue of the priest’s benediction or consecration, the true body and blood of Christ are made communicable upon our altars, under the shapes of bread and wine; he goeth on to tell them, they cannot be partakers of this sacrifice, if they will continue still to partake of either Jewish or heathenish sacrifices, of which they truly make themselves partakers, if they will *eat* of that which is sacrificed by them. ‘For behold, Israel,’ saith he, verse 18, ‘they that eat of the sacrificed hosts, are they not partakers of the altar?’ For, by doing this, they communicate with those that sacrifice. And having thus spoken of the Jewish sacrifices, he speaks to them of the Gentile sacrifices.

“Again, the same St Paul saith, Heb. xiii. 10 : ‘We have an altar, of which they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle;’ still pressing the Jews that they cannot partake of the sacri-

fice of our altar, if they will stick fast to their old sacrifices. And note, that which he called before *the table of our Lord*, he now calleth an altar, truly and properly ordained for sacrifice; and so he terms it, Thysiasterion; that is, Sacrificatorium,—an *altar to sacrifice upon*. And by that word always the altars of the Jews, ordained for sacrifice, are *still* out of the Hebrew interpreted in Greek. We then,—*we, have an altar* built purposely to offer sacrifice upon; therefore we have a true sacrifice, not of bread and wine, for in no man's opinion we sacrifice these, but of the body and blood of our Saviour, under the shape of bread and wine; and this was the reason why, in the primitive church, the heathen would sometimes say, ‘we worshipped Bacchus the god of wine, and Ceres the goddess of corn; at other times, they traduced us as *feeders on men's flesh*, as I before observed from the Life of Justin, for eating the flesh of our Saviour in this sacrifice.

“ I conclude, that had not this manner of sacrificing in the mass been delivered to us with our first faith from the apostles, it could never, without notice being taken of the first author, and of the time, &c. have been universally received without opposition of any, or without

being ever taxed by any one of novelty; yea, and be received also so universally, that if before Luther's days you look into all parishes of Christianity, where confessed heretics did not domineer, you will in every parish thereof find no other common service used publicly in the parish but the saying and celebrating mass, with *offering* that which they all *adored* for the true body and blood of Christ, under the shape of bread and wine;—a proof unanswerable, that the faith, and its consequent practice, had its source at the very head of the fountain. Now," said Mr Ashburn, "I trust that you clearly understand what is meant by the sacrifice in the mass."

"Yes, I think I do; but still there is an obscurity and a mystery, which are inimical not only to general comprehension, but to the extension of faith in that doctrine."

"By no means; the *mystery* and obscurity, in as far as regards the forms and all that meet any and every eye, exist merely in your ignorance. Had you been told by your instructors, of what our religion really consists, you would have found no obscurity, and no other mystery than that which must forever be as inexplicable as the resurrection of the dead—or, indeed where is the difference?—the creation of the

living. And if you are indebted to me for a little knowledge, tend as it may, I am indebted to you for a great deal, which, in skilful hands, might be made much of. I have discovered, that, as the lady said, great pains must have been taken to bury our doctrines in oblivion. Will you permit me to ask you one question,—whether do we seek a hidden, concealed grave for him who has died a fair death, or for him who has fallen by the hands of the murderous assassin? Yes; the first Protestants dreaded publicity. They *knew*,—they had too much wisdom not to know,—that our religious code is out and out supported by Scripture. But, like the murderer, they had two things to dread, restitution and death. Yes; had they not buried us in oblivion, had they not put an interdict on their adherents and offspring, in regard to our worship and our books, their dogmas must soon have died the death of justice. But restitution was beyond their power, for soon had the great ones of the land squandered in wantonness that wealth, sacred to our temples and to God's service, which time and piety had accumulated. Where is it now? Where are the edifices to which the wretched, the naked, and the hungry, fled for succour, and *were* succoured? Well, it

boots not—it cannot be recalled—the *servants* of the church had many of them waxed wanton—O! had the scourge been applied to *them*, and not to the purer doctrines of our church, whereby many souls have been perilled, and many a fair face and hungry heart wanting at once the fatherly care and the feeding hand of a pastor. The streets of our great towns tell tales which, I do assure you, bring many a private tear from the eyes of a man who is naturally obdurate enough.”

“But,” said Florence, “we are anxious to have many things explained to us which appear to be superfluous, and to which I have many a time heard the harsh term of mummerly applied.”

“These things have all their significations to those who understand them, and are by them looked upon with reverence; but since you never heard of the perpetual sacrifice prefigured in, and by Melchisedic, foretold by Malachi, instituted by Christ, and expressly mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, as in use by them, it is no wonder if you do not know what those things mean which are as much of human adoption as are the Geneva bands of the Puritan and others. It is probable your minds glance at the use of the holy water and beads, which have

been much and irrationally scoffed; but I shall at present confine myself to the service of the mass, and notice these things at a future time. I shall bring you tomorrow a small book, by the Rev. Mr Glover, order of St Benedict, consisting of thirty minute treatises, illustrative of the mass, composed for his own people, and published afterwards at their request. In his preface, he disclaims all taste for or approbation of, fanciful devotion, but adds, ‘if there be any of such a taste as not to relish the literal meaning of the mass prayers, he may pity their want of judgment, but he has no intention of flattering it, by supplying them with anything less solid or less edifying.’ He prefixes a beautiful quotation from St Bernard’s ‘Love of God,’ which I recollect, and shall repeat:—‘Come, my thoughts, intentions, wills, affections, all my interior, come, and let us ascend to the mountain (that is, the altar) of God, where the Lord sees and is seen. And you, my cares, anxieties, solitudes, troubles, wait here below at the door, whilst I, with my reason and understanding, hasten thither. When we have adored, we may return to you; for we shall return. Alas! how quickly shall we return!’ I have not in all my reading, and it is very varied and mul-

tifarious,—some have thought too much so,—met with anything so touchingly sublime. His call upon his thoughts, intentions, wills, affections, is peculiarly affecting; his casting off, of all his worldly cares, solitudes, anxieties, and troubles, is a most impressive example; while the pathetic certainty with which he anticipates their return, may speak home to every experienced and wayward heart. It is in the style of our own D'Alembert, whose devotion to his altar has been censured as somewhat too vehement. I once saw him, when the elevation of his soul, as he pointed to the enshrined host, seemed so vast, that I could have fancied the return of what is recorded of those blessed saints who were seen raised from the ground on which they stood as they ministered at the altar. In Glover, you will see the whole mass service beautifully set forth; but in the mean time, I shall tell you the meaning of what I see embarrasses and clogs your mind. First of all, you must clearly comprehend, and always keep in view, that the priest, worthy or unworthy,—and, alas! out of twelve disciples who heard the *living* words of Christ, one was a traitor, and another quailed,—is always to be considered as the representative of Christ, as the mass itself

represents his passion; and therefore he (the priest) puts on such vestments as are representative of what Christ was ignominiously vested with at the time of his passion. Thus, for instance, the Amice, which is a small piece of white linen, which is put on first over the face, and remains, though not seen, on the shoulders, represents the rag with which the Jews muffled our Saviour's face, when at every blow they bid him prophesy. But it is also a figure of the helmet of salvation, as the prayers used on the occasion of putting it on indicates. The Alb represents the white garment with which Christ was invested by Herod; and is a figure of innocence, as is also expressed by the prayers. The Chasuble, or outward vestment, represents the purple garment with which he was clothed as a mock king; upon the back of which is a cross, to represent that which Christ bore on his sacred shoulders. The Maniple and Stole, the former worn on the left arm, the other on the neck hanging down below the knee, represent the bands and cords with which he was bound in the different stages of his passion. Lastly, the priest's Tonsure, which you have never seen, is to represent the crown of thorns which our Saviour wore. You say, why so much acting?

We say, it is little enough to meet the forgetfulness and ingratitude of man. ‘ Besides,’ as Dr Challoner says, ‘ as in the old law, the priests that were to officiate in sacred functions had, by the appointment of God, vestments assigned for that purpose, as well for the greater decency and solemnity of the divine worship, as to signify and represent the virtues which God required of his ministers, so it was proper, that in the church of the New Testament, Christ’s ministers should in their sacred functions be distinguished from the laity.’ It is as marvellous indeed, that this should require enforcement, as it is, that there should exist an elegant and well-informed woman of forty who knew not all these things.

“ I surely need not say why a crucifix is on the altar, though that too may be needful, as some of you are so monstrously ignorant as to suppose that we worship and pray to it ! But it is that the priest and people may have always before their eyes the image that represents the passion which they are commemorating. Candles denote the triumph of our King ; and Incense is an emblem of prayer, and is indeed a very fine emblem ; hence the petition of David : ‘ Let my prayer, O Lord, be directed like

incense in thy sight.' I need not go through the service, which you find in the Missal and in English, being supplied in the native tongue all over Europe. I may remark, that in former times, as soon as the Creed was read, all who had not been baptized, or were under a course of penance, or had not been admitted to communion, were ordered to leave the church, because the remaining part of the mass was considered too holy to allow any such persons to be present at it. The church has now changed her discipline; for, as I remarked before, *that* varies with time and place, and she allows even the greatest known sinners to remain during the whole of the sacred rites. This change grows as it were out of the first usage, or rather, both originate in the nature and necessity of man. At first, while religion was as a fresh, green, verdant meadow—when the accepted and blessed knew how to appreciate and value the inestimable gift, and when the yet excluded looked with an eager eye, yet were aware of what they lacked, it was then salutary to both, to draw a line of demarcation; but now, when the turf is seared, when man has wantoned in his felicity until he forgets and abuses it, we

are obliged in common compassion to open the gates of invitation; for the time is past when exclusion was but a whet-stone to holy solicitude. The time is past, when not unfrequently the confessed, died in compunction at the very feet of the confessor.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEXT day, Mr Ashburn came at twelve o'clock, and taking a small volume from his pocket, said, "This is the book I spoke of by Mr Glover; it contains only about two hundred pages in large print, and cannot much tax either your time or your patience; and I trust you will give it your solitary attention; but I shall extract a little from each treatise for this day's instruction. He prefaces every one of his discourses with a title and a text from Scripture. 'On Sacrifice,' is the first title, and 'In every place is offered a clean oblation to my name.' Malac. i. 11. Here he calls the mass the centre upon which the whole economy of religion turns, and towards which almost every other part has some tendency, or from which they mostly derive their meaning. 'This being the case,' says he, 'it becomes the duty of every Christian to understand it well,—to be acquainted with its nature,

and to understand its august ceremonies. It is with reason therefore that the Council of Trent commands all pastors of congregations frequently to explain these important subjects to the faithful, that at least they may not be answerable for any want of respect and devotion, which the people may be guilty of in attending at mass. You know, that to adore God is the first duty of man. No sooner were we created, than the called for homage became due. You also know that the most perfect way of expressing this homage is by a sacrifice. We bow the head or bend the knee to show our respect to some exalted creatures; but a sacrifice is incommunicable, it belongs to God alone; and if he did not at first give the command oracularly, the impulse was so strongly imprinted on the mind as to have all the force of injunction. From the foundation of the world, no age nor nation ever pretended to adore God without a sacrifice, until the Protestants, who were the first sect among Christians who deprived the Almighty of this right, and themselves of this most admirable institution. What a loss they have sustained by it, is palpable to all; since theirs is a religion without spirit or divinity.' Mr Glover might here have said, some of its ramifications

have an apparent *spirit*, but it evaporates with the immediate stimulant. ‘What advantage you derive from this adorable sacrifice, I hope your own experience tells you, and this explanation, I trust, will make still more evident.’—

2d. On the Excellency of the Mass. ‘This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.’ Matt. xvii. 5. The holy Fathers, when speaking of the mass, have exhausted language, and even the imagination, to find terms of respect to apply to it. The Catholic who can be guilty of irreverence during the celebration of the sacred mysteries, is, in my eyes, worse than a heathen or an infidel. If an unbeliever were to be present at our service, he might not perhaps understand it, but if he were a religious man, (for I can suppose a religious unbeliever, that is, he may feel a deep reverence for God, and for such things as others hold holy) he would at least respect what bears such appearances of sanctity and gravity. Yet some, alas! too many, of her own children, can appear at her services without any feeling of reverence or devotion. O! that such persons would separate themselves from our assemblies! Almighty God would dispense with such attendance; and if he had fewer worshippers, they would at

least be more worthy of him. 3d. On the Fruits of the Mass. 'He that spared not his own Son, how hath he not also with him given us all things.' Romans viii. 32. I should exhaust your patience were I to describe all the streams which are perpetually flowing from this fountain of graces. Suffice it to say, that hence must the priest derive that sanctity which ought to adorn his character, and the people that spirit of religion which is equally necessary for them. Here will every state of life find the means of obtaining its peculiar virtues: the merchant, honesty; the labourer, diligence; the parent, watchfulness over those children for whose souls he will have to answer; the child, respect and obedience to those whom God has placed over him; the old, gravity and good example; the young, purity, modesty, and sobriety. Here, in fine, let all learn to subdue their passions, correct their inclinations, and adorn their souls with every virtue. Every one knows the pleasure it gave St Monica, on her death-bed, to think she had a son a priest, who would make daily remembrance of her soul at the altar. I am merely," said Mr Ashburn, "running over the titles, &c. of these Treatises. The next, and 4th, is Motives for hearing Mass."

‘With desire, I have desired to eat this pasch with you.’ Luke xxii. 15. You have heard that it was our Saviour’s most earnest wish to celebrate the first mass with his disciples. It is still the same ardent wish of Jesus to celebrate the same with us now. And why so? Because every time this sacred action is performed, we renew the memory of his passion; we offer supreme worship to God; we promote the glory of the most high, and the joy of his holy spirits; we advance our own sanctification, and loose the chains of captive souls. St Austin says ‘though omnipotent, he cannot give anything greater,—though full of wisdom, he could think of nothing more valuable,—though most rich, he had no greater treasure to bestow upon you while here, than what he has given you in the sacrifice of our altar.’* How ungrateful then must we be to set such motives at nought! But you will never fail to see the mass produce its proper effects in the lives of those who *regularly* attend it. You will never see them defiled by any of those crimes which are a disgrace to human

* If the reader give his attention to the above remarks by St Austin, he must be forcibly struck with the light in which that author considered the *perpetual miracle* of Transubstantiation.

nature ; or if they be penitent, you will see them, like Magdalene, prostrate at the feet of their Saviour, and their eyes streaming with tears for their past misfortunes. ‘ You will see them returning from the *daily* sacrifice,’ says St Chrysostom, ‘ *breathing flames* ; that is, all on fire with the divine love which they have caught from the fire of the altar.’ 5th, The Beginning of Mass. ‘ I will go to the altar of God.’ Psal. xlii. 4. The priest, when he goes to say mass, first clothes himself in the sacred garments of his office. These he always wears when he performs any public service, and each part of them has a particular signification, and are emblems of particular virtues ; besides that, they serve to conceal the littleness of man, and assist him in forgetting himself while he represents him, whose vicar he is ; and also creates a respect in the people. For let a priest be either edifying or not, let him be amiable or otherwise in his private character, that should be forgotten at the moment ; he is then a priest of the Most High, even if an unworthy one ; he is a representative of Jesus Christ, who said to his ministers, ‘ He that despises you, despises me ; and he that despises me, despiseth him that sent me.’ For it is to God that all the honour is referred, not

to his ministers. Thus vested, he goes to the altar, and pauses a moment before he begins. This he does as well to recollect his thoughts as to specify the intention for which he offers up the mass, whether it be for any individual, living or dead, for the whole church, for himself, or for the necessities of the congregation present. The mass is always offered up on a Sunday for the benefit of the flock committed to his charge. Then, as if unworthy to perform so great a function, he descends again from the altar, and at the bottom of the steps begins the mass, by saying the 42d Psalm, which encourages him, notwithstanding his unworthiness, to put his confidence in God. Then, bowing down his head in a posture of humility, he confesses to the Almighty God, and to all the saints, that he has sinned most grievously, and through his own most grievous fault. He then ascends to the altar, saying, 'Take away from us, O Lord, our iniquities, that we may enter with pure minds into the holy of holies.'—6th part. The Kyrie Eleison and Gloria. 'Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me.' Matt. xv. 22. The priest now reads the Introit, which is generally a verse taken from one of the Psalms; it is different in every mass, and generally applicable to the day

and its festival. Immediately follows the Kyrie Eleison, or Lord have mercy upon us, repeated three times; and three times, Christe Eleison. Then comes the Gloria in Excelsis; it is called the hymn of the angels, because the first words of it were sung by the angels at our Saviour's birth. This is a canticle of joy and gladness; therefore, when the church is in mourning, in Lent, in Advent, and in masses for the dead, she forbids us to make use of this hymn, even in the time of mass.—7th part. The Epistle and Gospel. ‘God, who at sundry times and in divers manners,’ &c. Heb. i. 1, 2. The Gloria being ended, the priest, kissing the altar, and turning towards the people with extended arms, salutes them in these words: ‘The Lord be with you;’ then follow the Collect, the Epistle, the Gradual, the Tract, and the Gospel.—8th part. ‘On the Creed.’ ‘He that cometh to God must believe.’ Heb. xi. 6. The Creed, which we now repeat, is called Nicene, because it was made at the general council of Nice. It is the same in substance with the Apostles’ Creed, but contains many things at greater length.—9th part. On the Offertory. ‘In a contrite heart, and humble spirit let us be accepted.’ Dan. iii. 39.

“‘The mass,’ says Glover, ‘now rises in im-

portance, and I beg of you,'—for recollect he is addressing his people,—‘ I beg of you to renew your attention. After uncovering the chalice, and removing it from the centre of the altar, the priest takes the unconsecrated bread, which we call the host, placed upon the patten, and lifting it up to heaven, with his eyes also raised thither, offers it to Almighty God, and says this prayer: ‘ Receive, O holy father,’ &c. He then pours the wine which is to be consecrated into the chalice, and at the same time mixes a small quantity of water with the wine. This is an ancient ceremony, and is done to represent the blood and water which flowed from our Saviour’s side when he was pierced with the lance upon the cross. The chalice is then offered up to the true and living God, in the same manner as the bread had been before. On this occasion, being about to bless these offerings, he bows down his head in a spirit of humility, then lifts up his hands to heaven, whence every blessing must come, and makes the sign of the cross, saying, ‘ Come thou, sanctifier, and bless this sacrifice, which is prepared for thy name.’ I need not say, that the sign of the cross is familiar to us; by it, we are reminded of the great blessings conferred upon us by our Saviour’s passion; and we *may* wonder that by any Christians it could

ever be despised and reviled, but need *never* be surprised at a practice which is at once sanctioned by all antiquity and by common reason. —Part 10th. The Lavabo and Orate Fratres. ‘I will wash my hands among the innocent, and encompass thy altar, O Lord.’—Ps. xxv. 6. Among the ceremonies which the Almighty prescribed as accompanying the sacrifices which were offered to him in the Jewish law, there were many ablutions. External purity, neatness, and decorum, even of the body, are preparations, without which we ought never to approach the altar of God. In imitation, therefore, of those ablutions that were used in the old law, the priest now retires to one side of the altar, and there washes his fingers. In this ceremony he washes only the *tips* of his fingers, and not his whole hands, to signify that the purity with which he ought to approach the altar should be not only from greater or mortal sins, but even from the most trivial offences, or affections to sin, which are properly enough represented by the extremities of the fingers. In the mean time, he recites the 25th Psalm, beginning, ‘I will wash mine hands,’ &c.; after which comes the prayer to the Trinity. Then he kisses the altar, turns round to the people,

and solicits their prayers also, saying, ‘Orate Fratres,’ &c. Then follows the secret, which, whether one or more, is said in silence.—The 11th part is The Preface. ‘And the seraphim cried one to another, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.’—Isa. vi. 3. The Preface is so called from its being a preparation or prayer immediately preceding the canon or more sacred part of the mass. You will not therefore be surprised, that before he begins this prayer, the priest should address the people in an audible voice, with his face to the altar, ‘Lift up your hearts;’ and they reply, ‘We have lifted them up to the Lord.’ If there be a time, when our minds, so prone to this earth, can raise themselves from all its grovelling concerns and aspire to heaven, it is surely at the time of prayer and in the hour of sacrifice; it is surely when we are told to ascend and join the heavenly choirs in singing the praises of our Creator. But how often have you belied the words of the clerk, who answers in your name, ‘We have fixed them to the Lord!’ The priest, however, trusting to your fidelity, says, ‘Let us then give thanks to Almighty God for it.’ And you answer, ‘It is proper and just.’ It is *proper*, on account of the manifold blessings we receive

from him ; and it is also *just*, for thanksgiving is the least return we can in justice make to God for all his favours.’”

“ I beg your pardon,” said Mrs Stanhope, “ for interrupting you, but at that passage I always get particularly confused. Florence thinks she understands the whole ; but I am sure she is mistaken.”

“ Yes, I dare say she is mistaken, but security and presumption are the errors of youth, which time and experience only can cure. Yet, as she is more firm and less tremulous than you, I have no doubt that her perceptions are more acute, and her conclusions more correct, for weak nerves are a sad foe to accuracy. But I do not wonder, unprepared as you were, at your obtuseness ; the wonder is, how, in an age which professes to be knowledge-loving, you should not have been better instructed. In an age when girls are painters, musicians, sculptors, historians, geographers, chronologists, botanists—in short, everything—it is marvellous that they should not be made acquainted with those forms and tenets, against which your great great grandfathers protested—against which, poor things ! *you* protest ! Shame upon it, not to know what it is that you hear perpetually raved about as having been fought against and bled against !

But the truth more and more opens upon me. There is good policy, though no honesty, in such conduct. Were they honest, there would be in every house that can afford it a missal—I believe *millions* of you never saw one—there would be in every house a missal, and every honest man would say to his sons and daughters, ‘Come hither—see, here is *our* anti-palladium! Here is what engendered idolatry, blasphemy, and the loss of both civil and religious liberty! Read it attentively, my children, and learn upon principle, as one that *knows why*, to abhor it as an evil thing. See there how dreadful it is to dip your finger in holy or consecrated water, repeating holy writ the while, in token of purity and of internal cleansing. See there how abominable to respect the cross of Christ. See there how shocking it is to revere the memory of saints and martyrs; and to suppose that, being now purified, holy creatures, their prayers and supplications must be more estimable and efficient than ours. See there the horrid iniquity of singing anthems from Scripture, in praise and thanksgiving; and, in short, you have only to read, in order to see why the great Luther broke his vows, taught others to do the same, and in all holy and approved consistency married a nun.’ I say, *why is this not done?* They dare not.

Were that the case, their children would see that the missal, instead of being a tissue of blasphemy, is a compilation almost entirely from Scripture, and all with Scripture authority. Curiosity would be excited; they would visit our places of worship, and having prepared understandings, would be thoroughly able to judge for themselves. But no—if once, or twice, in a lifetime, they visit those sanctuaries wherein the faith was deposited, and whence it had issued all over the world, they visit them as you did. I need not tell how that was; your own account of it I consider as one of the most curious occurrences of my own life. But how few feel as you did? The great mass come away reviling, scoffing—but even you, with your unspecified awe and wonderment, would never have returned, but that Florence, with a more steady observation, and a mind too perspicacious not to see beyond mere seeming, and too just not to insist on knowing the demerits of those aspersed people, resolved on knowing all. Yes, my dear child, be the result what it may, your first step was noble; and something tells me, that there is at this moment a simultaneous movement in our favour, amongst the just and generous who take time to think. There are periods when the public mind seems peculiarly prepared for one

event—the bow has been over-bent, and must rebound. I remember, at the time of the French revolution, while it was yet in its dawn, boys and girls who had scarcely heard of France, raved of liberty.

“ But let us return to Glover.—Part 12th. The Canon. ‘ Then shalt thou accept the sacrifice of justice, oblations, and whole burnt offerings.’ Psal. l. The parts of the mass,’ says Glover, ‘ which I have hitherto explained, have varied, been lengthened, or shortened ; in fine, have been changed at different times and places. Though most holy prayers and exercises, as you have seen, yet they form no essential part of the sacrifice, being only immediate preparations for it. We cannot say the same of the part I am now going to explain, for we are now come into the very *action* of the sacrifice, as this prayer is sometimes called. At other times it is called the Canon, which word signifies a rule, because these particular prayers have always been more fixed, regulated, and determined by rule than what have gone before. They are very ancient, and though perhaps not particularly inspired, may very well be supposed to have been formed by the church, under the general guidance of the Almighty. For they are models of the most solid devotion, contain-

ing the most sublime ideas, expressed in the fewest and most simple words. These prayers are always said in complete silence by the priest, because, being about to offer the adorable sacrifice, he turns his thoughts to the Almighty alone, forgets all other objects, and neither turns to the people nor invites them any more to unite with him in fervor. He has retired, as it were, into the inward sanctuary, to converse with God alone, where he continues in silent worship until the Paternoster.' I must here remark," said Mr Ashburn, "that had Mr Glover been addressing Protestants, he would have said something upon the contempt which *through* us,—I mean in contempt *of* us,—is cast upon the Lord's Prayer, and the address of the Angel to Mary. Surely these people know not that the *Paternoster* and *Ave-Maria*, so much laughed at, *are*, the one, the 'Lord's Prayer,' and the other, the 'Hail, Mary!' of the angelic messenger? O that I could weep blood for such a sin! But I must get on with this more pleasing subject. I need not go over this treatise any farther; you see there in the missal the prayers of the Canon, and I trust you now see your way, or at least that you see that which *we* think leads to salvation.—The 13th part is On the Communicantes, &c. 'I will save it for my own sake,

and for the sake of my servant David.' IV Kings xix. 34. The communion of saints, by which the church on earth is united to that in heaven, so as to form one body, separated indeed at present by time and place, but designed for a perfect union in eternity, is one of the articles of our Creed, which exalts the dignity of man, fills him with hope, and cheers him up in the difficult passages of life. This is the prayer we then say, 'Communicating with and venerating the memory of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord and God Jesus Christ; as also of the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, &c. by whose merits and prayers, grant that we may be always defended by the help of thy protection, through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.' In these words you will observe three distinct objects; first, communicating with, that is, joining with, asserting our privilege and honour, as members equally with the saints of the true church, of which Christ is the head: with them, therefore, we join in the common homage which we both offer to the Creator of all. Are they less communicable because beatified? Secondly, we venerate their memories. St Austin says, 'It is a great honour to be named in the presence of our Lord, whilst we celebrate his death in this awful sacrifice. At this offering, each saint

has his peculiar commemoration; we honour the blessed martyrs, princes of our faith, conquerors of the world, and intercessors for it.' We cherish their memories also, that, having such examples before our eyes, we may be encouraged to imitate their virtues.'

"But with you," said Mr Ashburn, laying down the book, "the *Saints* are a subject of taunt and reproach. How often will you hear the words, 'The Papist, with his Paternosters, his Ave-Marias, and his long string of saints!!' Deriding, as I said before, in the first, the prayer of our Lord; in the second, the message of the Angel; and in the last, those who promulgated and bled for Christ's own message! Amazing, pitiable stupidity!—if, indeed, so mild a term may be bestowed.

"And thirdly," says Glover, "we beg the prayers of the holy and accepted persons. If the Jews in the Old Testament used frequently to pray that the Almighty would remember them, or turn away his wrath from them, on account of Abraham, Isaac, David, &c. how much more may we avail ourselves of the merits of his saints, who have lived under the law of grace? —Part 14th. The Consecration of the Host. 'Do this in remembrance of me.' Luke xxii. 19.

It was always inculcated by the ancient fathers, that the church, in all her religious worship, has nothing to present us that can any way be compared with the wonderful presence of Christ in the blessed sacrifice.* I shall not on the present occasion make use of any arguments to prove that those words are to be understood *literally*, or that what Christ *said* did actually take place. Controversy would be misplaced on an occasion when our minds ought to be occupied with nothing but the thoughts of gratitude and affection. Besides, I am now speaking to believers, who will all unanimously exclaim with St Cyril, ‘What! when Christ says it *is* so, will any one be bold enough to say it is *not* so?’ The moment that the priest has pronounced the consecrating words of our Saviour, he kneels down to adore his divine Redeemer; he then *elevates*, that is, lifts up the sacred host in both hands, that the people may also see and adore. During this ceremony, the server tinkles a little bell, to give notice to such as may be at too great a distance to see, and likewise to rouse the attention of such as may be indolent or forgetful. It is remarkable, that this act of worship, which is the most solemn of the whole mass, is performed in silence. The reason is, because each indivi-

* See St Austin, as before pointed out.

dual can, at so interesting a moment, form the thoughts which suit himself best; or rather, because the most perfect way is to adore in absolute silence, when every power of the body and soul are absorbed and lost in the contemplation of the God who is present. You cannot, dear christians, be at a loss to know how to occupy yourselves at this time. In some of your prayer-books you have written forms of prayer for this occasion; in others they are omitted, that the mind may be at greater liberty to indulge its own musings. Choose then what you find by experience is most conducive to devotion. 'The wise men,' says St Chrysostom, 'came a long journey to adore this body with fear and trembling. Let us, who are citizens of heaven, imitate those barbarians. For, seeing only the stable and the manger, without having seen any of those great things which we have witnessed, they still came and adored with the greatest reverence. You see that same body, not in a manger, but upon the altar; not carried in his mother's arms, but elevated in the priest's hands, and the Holy Spirit poured most abundantly on the sacrifice. Let us therefore be roused, and tremble, and bring with us more devotion to the altar than those eastern kings

did to the manger, where they adored their newborn Saviour.’”

“I rejoice,” said Florence, “that, though ignorant, I suspended my judgment; and that, overborne by the awful solemnity of the priest’s appearance, and the unanimous, unwavering, humble devotion of his people, I too sympathised, though I did not know to its full extent why.”

Mrs Stanhope knitted her fair brow, but spoke not.

“I need not say how I rejoice to hear you say so,” was Mr Ashburn’s reply.

“But,” continued she, “I am much puzzled how to account for something. The impression on my mind of Mr D’Alembert’s fine figure and face, when before the altar, is like a vision; while, when I saw him in your house, and even in his own pulpit, he appeared as a man of this life.”

“I know not,” said Mr Ashburn, “unless it be, Florence, that your imagination is somewhat heated, which I should regret. I wish your reason to be unshrouded even by—to some it would seem unholy, but I will say it—even by that which some might deem an immediate influence of heaven. Yes, Florence, I wish you

to bring even an *earthly* reason to this our heavenly subject."

"No," said she, "I don't think it is any heat of imagination, for——," and she looked at Mr Ashburn, and smiled.

"I understand you, Florence, for you imagined nothing of the kind when you saw me officiating. Ah!" said Mr Ashburn, "had you seen that man, as I have, thirty years since, before the altar, you might indeed have imagined a vision. Tall, slight, fair, with his beautiful brown hair then clustering round his temples, and his clear blue eyes beaming the effulgence of divine love. And then to know that this man had abandoned the delights of life and a fortune, to become that hated, despised, calumniated thing—a Jesuit! It is, Florence, the superior elevation of his mind—a superior self-devotedness—with a superior sense of whom he represents, which imparts the appearance you speak of. Yes, he is a man of such zeal and truth, that in attending to his public counsels, if you do not become a convert, you at least cannot fail to become a better woman."

"The 15th part is, On the Consecration of the Chalice. 'This is the blood of the covenant which the Lord made with you.' Exod.

xxiv. 8. As soon as the elevation of the host is finished, the priest proceeds to the consecration of the chalice, the words of which are, ‘In like manner,’ &c.; and in the same manner, and for the same reason, follows the elevation of the chalice. It may, perhaps, occur to some one here to ask, why is this sacrifice (which has been called the Mystery of Faith from time immemorial) offered under the separate forms of *bread* and *wine*? Since faith teaches us that each *single* form contains within itself both the body and blood of Christ, what need of both?”—But,” said Mr Ashburn, “you can read Glover’s, or rather the reasons of the church, at your leisure; I shall proceed to the 16th part, which is the Prayer after the Elevation. ‘The blood of Christ,’ &c. Heb. ix. 14. In this little treatise we have the fruits and results of the sacrifice, as you will see, fully set forth; but, no ceremony being attached, you cannot require elucidation.—The next and 17th part is, On the Supplices Te Rogamus. ‘The prayers of the saints ascend,’ &c. Apoc. viii. 4. This is a short prayer beseeching the acceptance of the sacrifice, during which the priest bows down his head to the lowest degree, with his hands crossed on his breast; and towards the conclusion he kisses the altar, and

resumes his erect posture. Next follows the 18th part, The Memento of the Dead. ‘Have pity on me, have pity on me, you, at least, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me.’ Job, xix. 21. From the very beginning of the church, it was always the custom to pray for the dead. It is a pious and most affectionate practice. St Austin highly sanctions this practice.’—The 19th part is, The Nobis Quoque Peccatoribus. ‘If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.’ I. Epis. John, i, 8. ‘Having finished our prayer for such dead as, who, though sinners, are yet eternally fixed in the grace of God, which they can never lose, we again turn to ourselves, who are sinners of a very different description, not knowing whether we possess the favour of God; and if we do, uncertain whether we shall persevere to the end in that favour. At this part the priest elevates his voice a little, that he may be heard in this humble acknowledgment; and, striking his breast, in imitation of the publican, he says: ‘To us, sinners, also thy servants, trusting in the multitude of thy mercies, vouchsafe to grant some part and fellowship with thy holy apostles and martyrs, and with all thy saints, into whose company we beseech

thee to admit us, not in consideration of our merits, but of thy own gratuitous pardon, through Jesus Christ.'—The 20th part is, The Pater Noster. 'Teach us to pray.' Luke, xi. 1. Here the Lord's Prayer is repeated.—21st part, The Agnus Dei. 'Behold the Lamb of God.' John, i. 29. This is the exclamation of St John the Baptist, when he pointed out our Saviour to the unbelieving Jews. The church, acknowledging, or rather feeling the justness of this title, for it acknowledges whatever Scripture sanctions, has adopted it into her service, and we repeat three times, 'Agnus Dei,' 'O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.' At the third we say, 'Grant us thy peace.'—I may again remark," said Mr Ashburn, "that had Mr Glover been addressing Protestants, he would have adverted more particularly to this; and he might well have asked them what is ludicrous in this, or even in having upon our altars a representation of this meek and lovely and innocent symbol of Christ? And I may again say, that had we, until the 16th century, neglected all these obvious reminiscences and helps to devotion, the new-fashioned party would then have cried *shame*. On this subject you see Mr Glover

has six pages, not exculpatory, but written with all honest zeal, as of a symbol most appropriate to Christ, and most admonitory to us.—The 22d part is, Domine, Non Sum Dignus. ‘Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof,’ &c. Matt. viii. 8. This is of course a little treatise on humility, which you can consider at your own leisure.—The 23d is On the Communion. ‘Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you.’ St John, vi. 54. After some preliminary remarks on the vast and vital importance attached to the above text, Mr Glover says: ‘The Council of Trent, wishing to revive that frequent communion which has fallen so much into disuse among the laity, does not indeed *command* you, but *intreats* you to be moved by the consideration, that it is the most excellent act you can perform—it is a preservative against mortal sin,—it is a remedy for venial ones,—it is a creed of immortality, preserving your souls to eternal life. It is the wish of this council that, as in former times so now, a priest may never have occasion to say mass, without having at least some of his flock prepared to join with him in communion. It used to be so formerly, but now, alas! our altars are de-

served—the people no longer hunger after this spiritual food, and scarce think it any part of their duty to join with the priest in partaking of this heavenly banquet. Well, my dear friends, if I cannot persuade you *actually* to partake of the daily victim which we offer, let me be heard, when I beg you not to turn altogether away empty from this table. You may still derive advantage by a spiritual communion, which I will explain to you.’—Mr Glover goes on to do this; but as I shall give you the book, it is needless for me to read it now; only I wished to feel assured that you really understand this most vital part of our service. Mr Glover wonders at our deserted altars. I wonder he does so. Can we touch pitch and not be defiled? Our children are surrounded by those who have taken from this blessed sacrament all its vitality; and not contented with doing so, have made it in this country a passport to public office. I would almost say that some of the first reformers must have been prophetic, and that, foreseeing the base prostitution of the Eucharist, they deemed it but decent to rob it of its *divine* essentiality; but they had a more creditable and probable motive, for, knowing that as *in them* there was no power of consecrating, it was well to deny the

possibility. In Scotland, I suppose, that as there is no such prostitution of their bread and wine, their communion may produce something of the effect which Sir Walter Scott has, with more philosophy than piety, but, to say truth, very prettily, ascribed to prayer.—I shall read you only one passage more from Glover upon the Mass. ‘The ignorant and the profane may scoff, but the wise and the educated will allow the justness of the following observations, which come from the pen of a sensible Protestant, Paine Knight, on Taste. ‘Every person’ who has attended High Mass at any considerable ecclesiastical establishment, *must have felt* how much the splendour and magnificence of the Roman Catholic worship tend to exalt the spirit of devotion and inspire the soul with rapture and enthusiasm. Not only the impressive melody of the vocal and instrumental music, and the imposing solemnity of the ceremonies, but the pomp and brilliancy of the sacerdotal garments, and the rich and costly decorations of the altar, raise the character of religion, and give it an air of dignity and majesty unknown to any of the reformed churches.’ These are the dictates,’ says Glover, ‘of an enlightened and unprejudiced mind. In conformity with these first principles of our nature, and

knowing that the minds of the people are best raised to the worship of the invisible Deity by the majesty of visible honour, the Catholic church has instituted a great many sublime ceremonies.' Tomorrow," said Mr Ashburn, " I shall resume my old book."

CHAPTER XVII.

MR ASHBURN seemed now to consider himself so much in the light of a teacher, that he generally seated himself and took up his book, and with very little more preliminary than very brief compliments of the morning, commenced his task.

“Much objection,” said he, “is made to our mass service being in Latin; but, through ignorance, there is no distinction made; and the phrase is, in speaking of us,—‘Their *service* is in an unknown tongue.’ A Scotch clergyman met a Protestant friend of mine one Christmas day, and on hearing that he had been at a Catholic chapel, he said, ‘You would hear nothing there but a jabber of Latin.’ Now, Mrs Stanhope, I leave you to judge if that is the case. The prayers before mass are in English; the gospel and other passages of Scripture read from the pulpit, are all in the vulgar tongue, and the ser-

mon is of course in the same. The afternoon prayer and lecture are all in English. Is this calumny the offspring of ignorance or of misrepresentation? Why, you would both ask, is the *mass* in Latin? Because it is deemed too sacred to have it altered by translations; and hitherto, all the world over, it has been repeated in the Greek or Latin tongue. As you may see by Cochin, Glover, and Challoner, the greatest pains have been taken to render the whole as intelligible as there is any occasion for. The priest is offering a sacrifice,—he is in some measure within the Tabernacle, retired from the multitude, who are provided with many various books of devotion during the time of the sacrifice; but for those who do chuse to accompany the priest, there is almost everywhere a translation in the local tongue, in columns opposite to the Latin. Why should we wish to keep the people ignorant of prayers at once simple, sublime, and efficacious? of the very gospel which is read on the same day from the pulpit—of passages from various psalms, and finally, the first part of St John's gospel? What, I say, could be our motive? None. It is the ancient use to read the *mass* service in one of two universal languages; in the East in Greek, in the West in

Latin. We have not seen, nor are we likely to see, any good reason for altering a practice which takes nothing from the utility of and adds much to the unsullied dignity of that sublime office. I can perceive, from what I have learnt from you, that it is understood we wrap ourselves up in mystery. There is only one *mystery* in our service, and it is that which Christ himself created, and of that we make no secret. Had we done so, we should not this day have had men flocking to your altars to abjure it,—men, many of whom would else never see your altars,—*for* a morsel of bread, and *by* a morsel of bread.

“ See, there is the book—there is the calumniated service, in Latin and in English; and I ask you, as a woman of candour, sense, and honour, if there is aught in that holy book that need to shun the light, or to be shut out from the most common vulgar ear? Our public service every Sunday lasts for about four hours, three quarters of an hour in that time is occupied in reading Latin. This old book adduces many more excellent and more learned reasons than any I have given; but, after all you have heard and seen, I think it needless to draw upon it on this part of the subject.—Our fourth sacrament is that of penance, which involves in it confes-

sion. Even in the old law, some particular confession of particular sins was appointed to the Jews, as you will see at Numbers, v. 6. But the new law perfecting the old, confession was elevated by Christ to a sacrament, giving grace; as at John, xxii, 23. ‘He said to them, receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins you forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you retain, they are retained.’ But Thomas was not with them, when Jesus came; yet who will deny that this power was also given to Thomas? Hence it was not given to those only who were present, as a grant merely for their sakes, and to increase their authority; but this grace was given for the sake of all belonging to Christ’s flock, of which a far greater number lived after the times of the apostles. That this text is literally to be understood as I have interpreted it, may be demonstratively proved by the same argument by which we proved that ‘this is my body’ is to be understood literally. For if the apostles with the first faith did not deliver this literal sense, but taught that this power was to end with them, and that no men, after their days, either had power to forgive sins, or stood obliged to confess them, then how came the doctrine to be afterwards brought forward?—far more, how came its adop-

tion, involving in it two such strange things, as, that priests had power to forgive sins, and that christians, guilty of sins, were bound, under pain of damnation, to confess the same, though they were never so foul, or never so secret! Think ye," said Mr Ashburn, waxing warm, "that it is so pleasant a task for a priest to listen to the confessions of perhaps a thousand persons in six months?—the gross and vulgar, to hear whom the very ear is polluted;—the young, the beautiful, and the delicate,—to hear whom the soul is wrung, because they are not perfect? Or where, think ye, was the power, the earthly power, which, after christianity was two hundred years old, could come forth and command the sinners of the earth to pour forth the history of their crimes into the ears of strangers—nay, even into those of our most beloved friends? You say, we are presumptuous in arrogating such a power. I say, why then was it given? You say, it was given only to the first apostles. I say, for what purpose? And did sin end with their days? Would to God it had. I shall say no more on a subject so obvious; it were to insult your judgment.

"The fifth sacrament is that of Extreme Unction. 'The very name of this sacrament,' says

my text-book, 'is now unheard of in this land of religion; and yet, according to the word of God, there is no sacrament more true.' Do we not read in James, v. 14: 'Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of our Lord.' To take away the force of this text, you are pleased, against all antiquity, to read *Elders* instead of *Priests*, because the Greek word that signifieth priests, in vulgar use signifieth elders. Now, this is just as absurd, as if, instead of saying the Major of the city, we should chuse to say the Bigger of the city, because the word major signifieth the bigger: or, as if, for the like cause, you should call a Doctor of physic a Teacher of physic; whereas, the word doctor is well known to signify such a degree; as also a major is well known to mean a secular office or dignity in a city; so the name put in Greek for priest, *presbyteros*, is as notoriously known to signify a priest endowed with a priestly office and functions in the church of God. This is really so childish a quibble, that I wonder much it could be resorted to. Next they will have this to have been a miraculous unction! For what purpose? and why with such a very general order? 'Is

any sick, &c. Or did we ever hear of any one of the holy fathers giving such an interpretation? And why would the priests entail upon themselves a task of such interminable and often perilous labour?—The sixth sacrament is that of Holy Orders. Here also Scripture teacheth an outward visible sign, as in all the foregoing, to which the giving of inward grace is annexed I Tim. iv. 14. ‘Neglect not the gift that is in thee.’ Here you have the inward grace given, ‘with the laying on of the hands of the presbyters.’ Here you have the outward sign by which it is given. Again: II Tim. i. 6: ‘I put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee.’ Behold the inward grace ‘by the putting on of my hands.’ Behold the outward sign, by putting of which the inward grace was conferred. Even Paul was ordained, although he was called from heaven, and had received the true spirit of God. Was this too to end with the apostles? O no—I see you would reply—No, no; we too ordain, and lay on hands! I say that in such it is a mock, as is your pretended absolution of your priests, who can have no power, because they have torn themselves from that church in which was vested the power of giving it.—The seventh sacrament

is that of Matrimony. It is no wonder indeed, with Luther's views and principles, that he wished to render this sacrament null; nor is it any wonder that, with two such Protestant heads as first ruled your church in England, a law should have been made which sets aside the express law of Christ. No, I am wrong; it is a wonder that, even with so depraved a priest—with so depraved a king—and with a queen who rendered all her vices more odious by an occasional mask—England should still have had the temerity to gainsay that which no quibble, no subterfuge, can render a figurative mode of speech. Adam's first declaration, while yet unstained by the crime of disobedience, while yet fresh and glowing from his maker's hands, is explicit and binding on this subject. There was then no hardness of heart to wink at; and what he uttered may be deemed sacred, especially upon the subject of so precious a gift. Than the words of Christ nothing can be more explicit; yet, how have we in this land of vice seen it defied, and that for centuries! Paul, following up the words of Christ, says, 'This is a great mystery—(we read sacrament)—but I speak in Christ and in the church.' We conceive the word mystery to mean sacrament,

which term is applied to none of the other sacraments; yet, it is not from hence we infer matrimony to be a sacrament, for by that word in this place, we know he only means a mystery; but we infer from his discourse, that this mystery is now elevated by Christ into a sacrament. The very typification of Christ and the church under the figures of man and wife, of whom he says, 'that which God hath joined, let no man separate,' at once, with us at least, sanctifies the matrimonial rite into a sacrament. And from this bereavement of its proper name and sanctity, it has become the unholy, disregarded thing we see, entered into in levity, and often annulled in gross vice."

"I think," said Florence, "my mother is pretty well satisfied on many points; but still there are some which she thinks you cannot possibly place in a fair point of view; such, for instance, as not allowing any of your people to see, or at least to read, the Bible."

"That is, indeed, a very heavy charge. This is a pleasant day, Florence—what do you say to a short walk—have you any objections, Mrs Stanhope?"

"None; but that I am unwilling to cut short our conference, and anxious to have your rea-

sons for what certainly militates more against you than all the other charges."

"We have sufficient time before us, my good madam; and I hope, indeed I am sure, that I shall make this point at least as clear as the others. Depend upon it, the church has good reasons for all she does; she knows well the latitude which may safely be given to men; and you have only to open your eyes, and see to what excesses another sort of latitude has driven this country, than which, rely upon my words, there is not under the sun a more wicked one."

The ladies were soon equipped; but Mr Ashburn, instead of directing their steps to those streets which led to the country, plunged only more deeply into the town; and at last arriving at a narrow street, composed of small houses for the meanest order of working people, he knocked at the third or fourth door in the row. It was opened by a tall, gaunt-looking woman, whose face seemed made up to a kind of habitual misery, and indicated a mind upon which no ray of joy, divine or earthly, ever shone. She curtsied and looked annoyed, for an imperfect vision presented to her eye only three unknown individuals; but on Mr Ashburn saying "Ann," her face was immediately irradiated; her curtsey,

which before had been that of churlish civility, was now bland; and the door, which before she had scarcely opened, was now thrown back to its utmost humble stretch. "Your reverence!" said she, again curtseying, "I am very unlucky; last time I was at the wash-tub, too—and I'm so dirty!"

"Ann," said her pastor, at the same time sitting down and pointing to the ladies to do the same, "wilt thou never be cured? Woman, I had you in my mind last sabbath; and had it not been that I was still proving that a most fatal error prevails in opinion—your husband understands it well—in opinion, respecting the pope's supremacy, or, as I may say, despotic power, I intended to have said something for your especial behoof, upon your Martha-like propensities. But my mind, owing to the ignorance of a friend, had been particularly led into the consideration of that most wilful and obdurate mistake, which the Protestant world has fallen into, in confounding the laws of the church with the power of the pope, than which nothing can be more heretical. But I suspect, Ann, you did not attend last Lord's day."

"No, sir; I was very poorly."

"Yes, Ann, it is ever thus; you are too

poorly to walk to chapel on Sunday, yet, two days after, I find you able to cleanse that immense load of apparel."

"Indeed, your reverence, I am barely able" (and her short, quick breathing bore testimony;) "but I hate dirt, and my poor man works hard; and I cannot a-bear that he should work more dirty than needs be."

"Well, well; but if you had sent Ambrose to me, and stated your bodily inability, I would have hired a person to assist you."

"Alack, sir, I could not in conscience."

"You could not in conscience! What do you mean?"

"If I may be so bould, because your reverence has so much to do, and so many to feed, that really ——"

"You thought I could not afford a shilling for you. I am the best judge of that, and it was but asking —— Well, I see it in your eye, woman; your pride rebels at the chance of a refusal! You are wrong, Ann; and yet I cannot but feel a kind of respect for the feeling. But in that I too am wrong, because, do you not see, you are thus making a base composition with your Creator? 'I am too weak both to go to church on Sunday, and wash on Monday or

Tuesday. Perhaps I might get assistance for asking my pastor, but then I may be refused! Ann, is that right?—and is it not sacrificing spiritual duty to human pride? And I might more readily excuse you, Ann, but you are habit and repute careless; your house, that which is contained within the four walls of this little tenement, is your God.”

“Ah! no; of his infinite mercy forbear; but my hard-working man deserves comfort when he comes home.”

“Well, well, poor body, I know you are a kind and a faithful wife; but”—and he put something into her hand,—“come to chapel, Ann. I wish you was in Mr D’Alembert’s quarter, for he is more rousing to the sluggish than I am; but it is not the efficacy of preaching, woman, that we rely on; yet much, much is done, no doubt, in that way. I hope Ambrose has not the key of his bookcase with him.”

“No, your reverence, he always trusts me with the key, though I can make no use of the books, for it pleased God that I never was learnt to read nor to write.”

Mr Ashburn smiled, and seemed ready to reprove Ann for thus making God the author of evil, a dogma from which Catholics peculiarly

revolt; but time pressed, and he was anxious to explore the bookcase of Ambrose. "There," said he, "handing down four well-printed, well-bound, but evidently well-perused large 12mo. volumes; "these, I suspect, you will find to be a Bible, and with as few *notes* and *comments* as most Bibles extant."

"A Bible! Yes, God be thanked," said Ann, "my poor man would not want his Bible to have the best fare and the best work of any man in M——. And its a great privilege to me, that, as I cannot read, I have a husband who can. And though your reverence thinks but poorly of me, I take great delight in listening to the blessed word."

"This lady supposed, Ann, that none of you Catholics are allowed Bibles."

"The lady is a Protestant, I suppose."

"Yes," said Mr Ashburn, "she is a Protestant; at least she imagined herself to be one, and I am enabling her to be one conscientiously; and she has read and heard that we shut you out from all knowledge."

"Nay then, may God forgive them that say so; and if they will go to the pit where my poor Ambrose works, they will see whether the Catholic or the Protestants that work beside

him have God most in their hearts. But it's of no use to talk; the foul breath has gone abroad, and it seems it cannot be stayed."

"And see," said Mr Ashburn, handing down, by fours, sixteen volumes of the same size and binding with the Bible, "there are Gother's Discourses and Prayers, with which alone, and the Bible, and Missal, and a few other devotional books, a man needs no more."

"That's what my poor man says."

"But he can have very little time for reading, Ann?"

"Not much, sir. He goes to work at three in the morning, for he has a good piece to walk, and he comes home at six at night; and sometimes he has barely strength to wash, and to say his prayers, and get into bed."

"How old is he?" said Florence.

"Sixty-five, Miss."

"Sixty-five! and works night and day!"

"Yes, Miss; the work cannot stand still. But that is nothing compared to the labour of some in this place, and for less money; my husband has fifteen and sixpence a week. To be sure, he has to find his working candles off that, and his clothes is sore trashed; and as the steward can always depend on Ambrose, he has more

work than the rest. But, praised be his blessed name, he has employment; for I am a poor, unhealthy, nervous, and I misdoubt, discontented, low-spirited body."

"But surely," said Florence, "he can never find time to read."

"O yes, Miss, you would wonder how he reads. Some days, as I was saying, he is sore downcast, but on others you would wonder how spirity and lify he is; and then he washes in half the time, and takes his sup coffee, or his sup tea, just as I can get them, and out with his spectacles, and says, 'Now, Ann, sit thee still, and I'll read thee something that will cherish your soul.' Yes, he is a good man is Ambrose."

"I must see him," said Florence.

"He will be glad, any Sabbath evening; and if you are a Protestant, he will be glad to do ye good; and if ye are a Catholic, he will be glad to commune with you in spiritual love. It is all the comfort we have in this life."

"Now," said Mr Ashburn, as they walked away, "that is one of the most discontented, unhappy people I have; and yet you see how she kindled up on the subject of religion. Her malady (a nervous affection) has an influence on her mind, and I suppose she is naturally of

an over-anxious temper; and the solitary life she leads keeps up a tendency to moping. But I have thought her very careless on the score of religion. Now I shall introduce you to another of my people."

So saying, he lifted the latch of a door not far from that of Ambrose, where they found a man surrounded by a wife, five children, a cat, a dog, and a starling perched exactly opposite to him, which, with its head inclined to one side, seemed eyeing him with attention, and endeavouring to catch a few notes that he was whistling with all the care and precision of an amateur teacher. All was in an instant deranged; but although Mr Ashburn was a man who never gave a moment's thought to the rules of politeness, he had that intuitive regard to every one's dignity, more especially to those who have least to spare, that he never wounded any one's feelings by putting him in mind, by his own condescension, that deference was his due; for when he assumed, he did so boldly and honestly. Instead, therefore, of begging that they might not disturb themselves, thereby intimating that disturbance is expected, and besides indicating that the usual routine is not of sufficient comfort for the guests, Mr Ashburn permitted the shoe-

maker to rise from his stall, the honest woman from her wheel, and other changes to take place, without appearing to observe that there were, not without an effort, three empty seats.

These procured and occupied without remark or apology, he enquired after the health of the family, and then slid into conversation with his host upon the news of the day, the merits of his bird, and the different ages and capacities of the children; while he complimented one for diligence at school, reprimanded another for remissness, and enquired when the third would commence her career. "I hope, John," said he, "that your sons will imitate you in your penmanship, and most especially in the use you make of it. How does your journal go on?"

"In the old way," said he, at the same time handing down a book; which book Mr Ashburn handed to Mrs Stanhope. In this she found, for some years back, a short account of every sermon he had heard, with remarks on each, sometimes laudatory and sometimes the reverse, with frequently a memorandum to ask the meaning of whatever had not been sufficiently intelligible; and often a few pious effusions on the effect produced; with as often a bitter regret for a wandering attention and a hard heart.

“ This lady,” said Mr Ashburn, “ never saw a Catholic Bible till today ; and as she merely glanced it, I shall thank you for a sight of yours, where I shall point out to her notice a few liberties taken with the text, and which any tolerable scholar will tell her is the case.”

John opened a large press, one half of which was filled with books, some of a very miscellaneous kind, and the other with well-ordered rows of a sort that bore a more close connexion. Three Bibles ; Butler’s Saints ; Gother’s Works ; Fifty Reasons which inclined the Duke of Brunswick to embrace the Catholic Religion ; The End of Religious Controversy ; Bossant’s Expositions ; Models of Piety, &c. made up the furnishing of three shelves. John looked upon his treasure, and asked which Bible his reverence would have ; the big or the little ?

“ The big, by all means ; but indeed, as I have not a Protestant Bible, I cannot use this, as I will not trust my memory with a comparison.”

“ Here,” said John, “ is an old Protestant Bible, which I bought for two shillings at a stall ; it is more than two hundred years old. I thought it good to see the difference, and truly if a man was inclined to aberrate——”

“Wander, John, wander—why are you so fond of fine words?”

“It is natural, sir, when a man has but few of them. I say, nothing is so good for a man, if in this evil generation, and in the midst of evil communication, he should be inclined to wander, as comparing these two Bibles; and I reckon, the farther back ye go amongst the translations, the worse, for they were more hot and fiery just at first; and as I have heard, they began to be ashamed, especially after the first Protestant king, in 1546, caused Bindel and Coverdale’s translation to be suppressed, because it contained, in the New Testament alone, *two thousand* corruptions.”

“Yes,” said Mr Ashburn, “here”—pointing to various passages in the New Testament—“here you see *general* for *catholic*; *congregation* for *church*; *elder* for *priest*; *gift* for *grace*; *images* for *idols*; *grave* for *hell*; for *eucharist*, *thanksgiving*; for *baptism*, *washing*; for *penance*, *repentance*; and so on. However, that was not my errand, John; these ladies believed that you lay Catholics were not allowed to see a Bible, and I wished to give them ocular demonstration to the contrary.”

John eyed them both with supreme contempt and said, "That is no way surprising to me, sir; people respect your reverence, and you do not know half, no, not a hundredth part of the folly that is uttered against us. I have seen when I cried like a child, but I bestow upon such stupid ignorance nothing now but my scorn and pity, especially when I see that ignorance joined to such damning vice."

"John, you are too violent."

"I know I am, sir; but folk cannot always keep their temper."

"I see a book here; that I should like to borrow, John,—Prince Gallitzin—"

"If it's for yourself," said John, "your reverence may have it; but if it's for the conversion of heretics, you only waste your own time, and ——"

"Your book. John, your besetting sin is —— but I may not speak out; however, I shall give you a caveat some day on the subject; and truly there will be none present who have not in some degree the same vice;" and so saying, he strode away with the book under his arm.

They walked on for some time in silence; but at last Mrs Stanhope said, "I am greatly astonished, and still more ashamed, to think that I

have lived so long not only believing that no lay Catholics ever possessed a Bible, especially the poorer class, but believing that all knowledge was carefully shut out from them. How comes it, that in Sir Walter Scott's 'Monastery' we hear of a lady from whom a Bible was taken at the instance of a monk, and spoken of as a thing of imminent danger to its possessor?"

"That book, of all Sir Walter's works, does least credit to his wisdom, his philosophy, and his justice. I speak not of his Christianity, because I believe that he is very little more than a nominal Christian. You look, and stop, as if you would say, 'So *you* consider all such who are not Catholics.' There again is another error. Although Protestantism is a lamentable falling off, and is necessarily bereft of all those unctions which an appointed and lawfully ordained priesthood can confer, yet I believe there are many conscientious Protestants, *as* Protestants. That Sir Walter Scott is a conscientious man of honour, I doubt not; nay, I am as sure as mortal man can be of aught, that he is so; but that he is a *reflecting* Protestant Christian, I cannot believe, and indeed I should imagine that 'a God of nature, liberality, and honour,' form his creed. But, as a wise man,

it became him to turn over, on all its sides, these doctrines which he so lavishly impugns in that book: as a philosopher, it became him to weigh well whether mankind can exist in a conventional state without religion, and then to consider which of all the promulgated religions was the best. If, as I deem, he thinks religion needful, and if, as I infer from his loose remarks, he conceives the religion of Christianity the best, it then became him, as a just man—that is, if he will write novels which hinge chiefly on religion—to weigh well which of the Christian systems is the best. But still more it becomes him, as a just man, to be thoroughly assured that such a thing could possibly occur, as that which he states. Now I admit that it could occur at the *time* of which he writes. But he must have been ignorant that those useful *prohibitions* were both *local* and temporary, and that they existed only in times of turbulence, and when that turbulence was the result of a bad use of the Bible. If you wish better authority than mine, look at Dr Lingard's elegant tracts, though perhaps somewhat witty, but he was sore provoked when he wrote them. I say he must have been ignorant, because, though careless in his religious justice, he yet would not have

committed so flagrant a breach of it, especially at a time when it is of the utmost importance that we should not be misrepresented. Now here was a popular work, from the nation's idol, bearing in its face that we *always* debarred the use of the Bible; and as if—but he is above such meanness—he wished to pay his court to the Protestants, he conjures up a thing neither heavenly nor infernal, for the purpose of protecting this Protestant Bible! Indeed, the whole is in bad taste; and one would think that Sir Walter during its composition had been dreaming, like the good-natured abbot, in an easy chair. That the Catholic church has been disgraced by laziness, deceit, ambition, villany, who will seek to deny? Nor will I seek to palliate their faults and crimes by bidding you look at the Church of England,—I understand, that of Scotland is better governed, and served by a sober, modest, pious body of men;—but it is unjust, it is ignorant, and unlike a man of sense, to condemn, by a few careless but too palatable words, a whole system of Christianity,—a system which emanated from the first apostles, and was carefully collated by their immediate successors. And yet, absurd as the machinery is, and cruel as well as unjust as are many, very

many, reckless remarks, I read it with as much pleasure as indignation; so much is he master of nature. But where are Sir Walter Scott's justice, wisdom, and philosophy, if on looking around him, he, who knows mankind and the world so well,—he never asks, 'Are men and women more chaste since they had no high examples of chastity before their eyes? Are men's passions more coerced, than when they occasionally fasted? Are men more honest, less vindictive, less murderous, since they were their own confessors? And are the poor and the ignorant, who know not their letters, more pious since they were taught to laugh at the Lord's prayer, and at the salutation of the angel of the Lord?' "

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON :

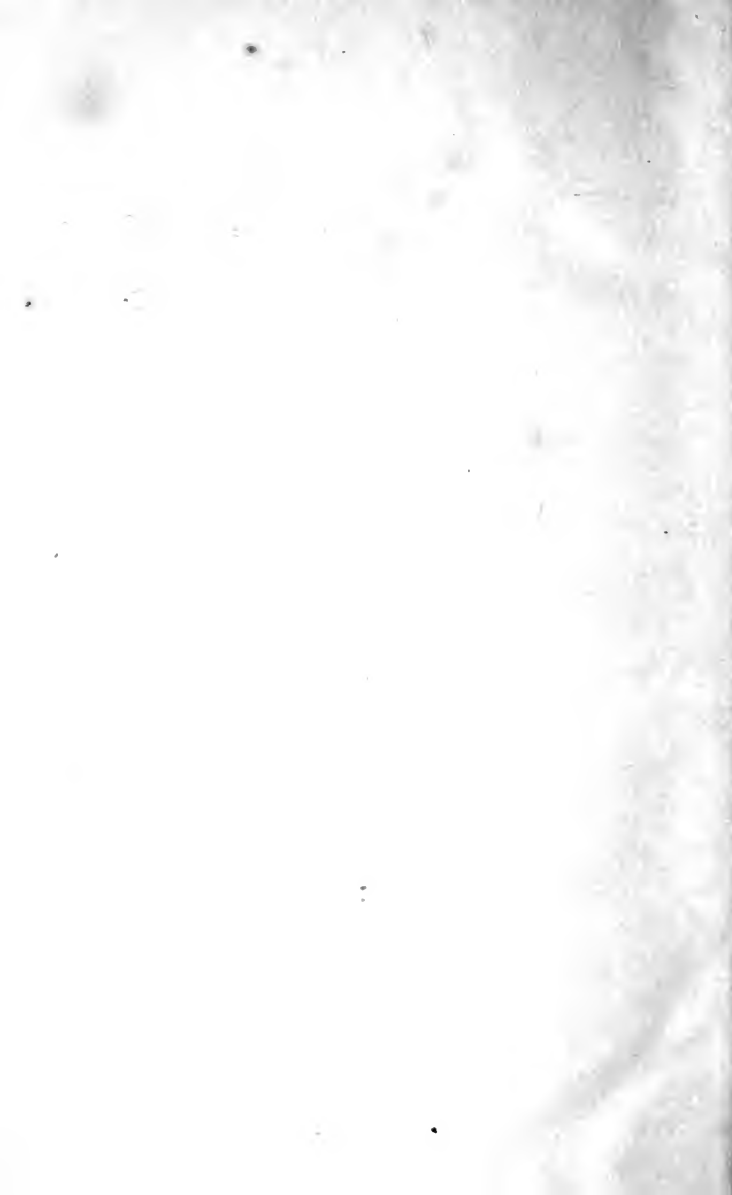
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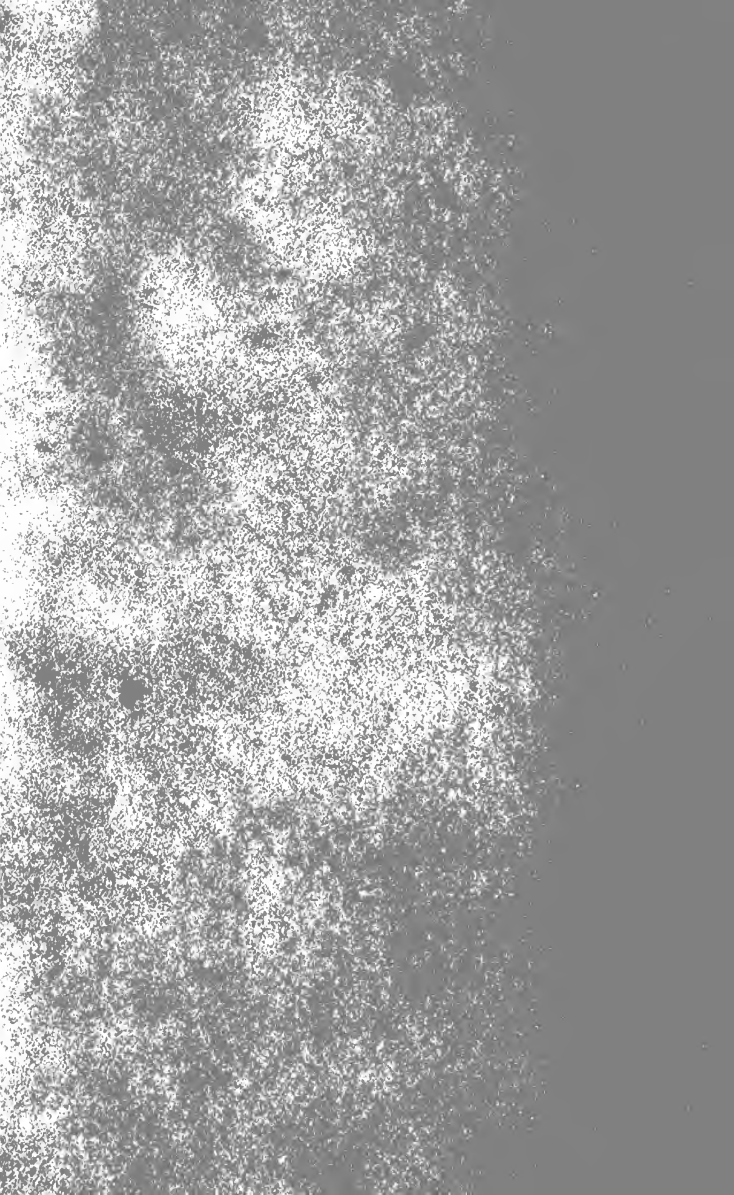


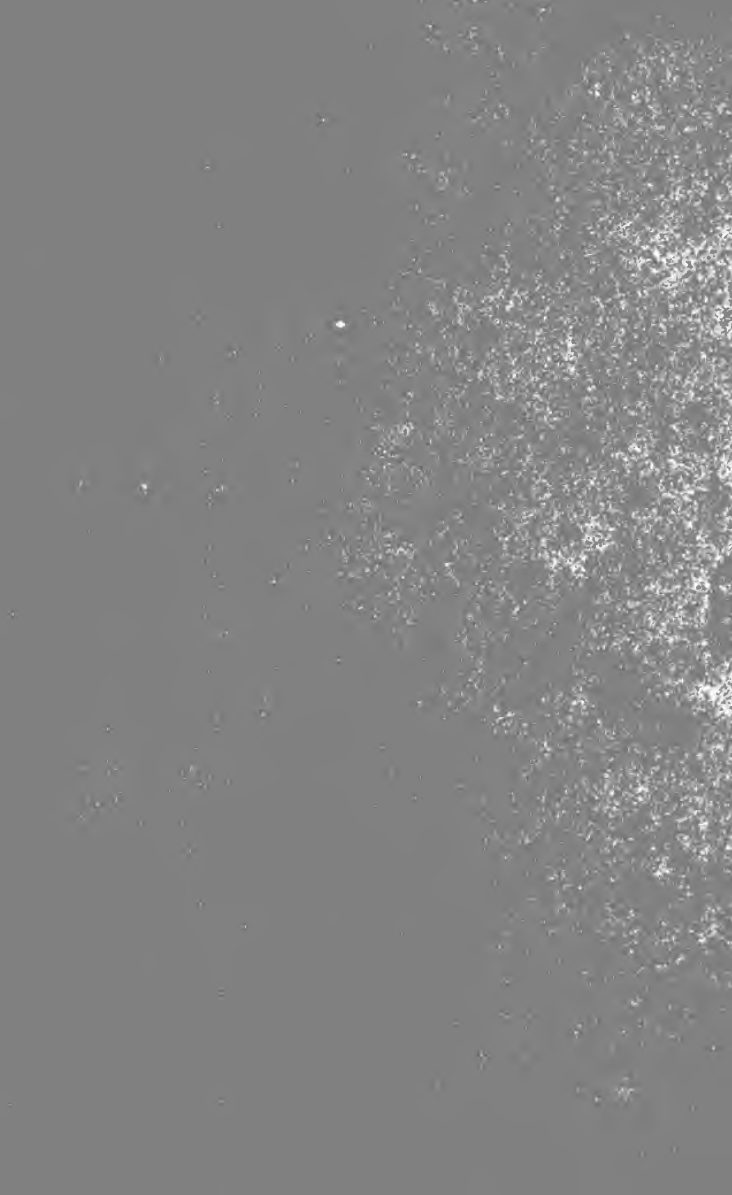












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